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## Limits of Seed Life.

Absurd claims have been made in regard to long life of seeds. While every farmer knows that seeds fail to sprout if kept too long, and that some of them are spoiled even by one season's delay in planting, yet the stories of grain sprouting after storage for a thousand years or more have been accorded some degree of credit. A paper by J. W. Duvel, read at the recent meeting of biologists in Washington, explodes a fallacy which is believed even by some scientists, the notion being that seeds found in mummy cases and tombs, and known to be several hundred and even thousand years old, will, if planted, germinate. The truth of the matter, he said, was that the vital energy of seeds expires quickly, so that the stories which have gone the rounds about Egyptian wheat and prehistoric cliff-dweller corn germinating after a lapse of thousands of years were falsehoods pure and simple. Where or how they originated was a mystery, but, like every other scientific humbug, the story had as much vitality and longevity as the miraculous grain which is described. Some twenty years ago, said Mr. Duvel, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, as a result of the members seeing, hearing and reading a great deal of this nonsense about Egyptian wheat sprouting, decided to investigate the matter thoroughly. The results of this investigation have only recently been made known. The association experimented with the seeds of some 382 species, including wheat and corn, and discovered that out of this entire lot there were only three or four species that would germinate after a period of fifteen years. Of the entire 382 species, all were treated alike; that is to say, placed in dry dark and cool places, where the conditions were exactly the same as in the case of the grain found in mummy cases. The great majority of species lost all vitality after a period of four years, and the few that did germinate at the end of the fifteen-year period produced very weak and feeble plants. These were the seeds of very hardy and vigorous plants indigenous to desert countries, where the struggle for existence is very hard, and not wheat and corn, which were among the earliest to lose their vitality. Moreover, of the entire number of seeds of the three varieties which produced after fifteen years in storage, only a few produced plants.

As a result, therefore, of these experiments, Mr. Duvel said that the longest period that any seed could be kept in storage and still germinate was fifteen years. In the discussion following the reading of Mr. Duvel's paper, Dr. F. V. Coville, botanist of the Department of Agriculture, said that some years ago he also became interested in this problem as a result of reading newspaper accounts of seed found in tombs of the prehistoric period germinating, and that while on a trip to Arizona he took the trouble to obtain from graves in one of the old cliff dwellers' cities some beans and other seeds, which he was quite certain had lain there since the pre-Columbian period, and were at least four hundred years old. Moreover, he said, the dry climate of Arizona was eminently adapted for preserving objects of all sorts, especially seeds, so that if there was anything in the story these seeds, above all others, should have germinated. They had, the doctor stated, every appearance of being "sound," but, for all that he planted them, watered them, and did everything that could be done to obtain germination, not one of them sprouted, and so this fallacy, along with many others, was laid in the dust.

## Farm Hints for July.

**CLOTHING IN HAYTIME.**  
The hay-maker himself should have a light, cool outfit. For shoes, the cloth-top, leather-soled tennis or "sneakers" are a comfort. Loose jean trousers or overalls make a very cool garment. For shirts, nothing can be better than the cheap, stout, colored chevrons that are sold at fifteen to thirty-five cents each. These are soft and durable and can be worn comfortably with or without undershirts. If undershirts are worn, it should be of thin jean, which is cool and stout and does not cling. A cloth Panama or wide straw hat completes the outfit.

## DRINK FOR HAY-MAKERS.

Sweet or fancy drinks are not very satisfactory in the hay field. Cold water with a little oatmeal in it has become a very popular harvest drink of late years. Molasses, ginger and water, with or without vinegar, milk, eggs, etc., is preferred by some. Lemonade in the large quantities required in haytime often has a bad effect. Homemade root beer is more or less used, also various carbonated waters, syrups, etc., but a man who needs to drink a pint to a quart

at a draught finds a plainer liquid does him more good. With water, the stomach knows just what to do, and refreshment is speedy.

## HAYING IS DELAYED.

A trip through southern New England the first part of the week gives the impression that the hay season will be backward. There has been a lack of suitable weather for haying, while hoeing and planting fodder crops are still in progress. Hoeing corn and potatoes lasts longer than usual, because these crops have been held back by the cold weather, and much of the corn was planted late.

In favorable weather there will be less difficulty in securing the hay crop than when there was a larger yield and full of water as was the case last year, but to get it all at the best time and in the best condition that circumstances will permit should

These shoes can now be had ready made. Wide-tired hay wagons with small wheels are becoming quite popular from the ease with which they can be hauled over soft places or sandy roads, and the low wheels make it possible to turn the wagon around in a small space. But on hard or rough roads they are considered harder to haul than common wagons.

## FORAGE CROPS AND CORN.

Fodder oats are usually looking well, and they will supplement the hay crop to an unusual extent on many farms. A great deal of Hungarian seed has gone into the ground the past two weeks, and it is coming up thick and vigorous, although held back for want of the hot weather in which this crop delights.

Early planted corn fields are mostly poor and irregular with many gaps in the rows. Late-planted fields are better, but corn

of good, thrifty Champion quinces, set in rich, moist land, trained to a single stem and well looked after, is a very satisfactory piece of orchard property.

## THE GARDEN AND FRUIT PATCH.

Second crops should be got into the soil while it is moist. Early peas followed by cabbage plants make a fine combination. Such garden crops as early beets, radishes, cauliflower, cabbages, lettuce, turnips, spinach do not usually occupy much space on the farm garden, but in the market garden they will be out of the way this month, and the ground occupied with bush beans, celery, cucumbers, tomatoes, cabbages, leeks, turnips, etc. The medium varieties of turnips are an easy profitable second crop for a busy farmer. Land should be kept covered with something useful. If there is land that is in danger of growing nothing but weeds, sow it with red clover, to be plowed under

costs much less than the fourth, while quotations also fall fast after the last of June. Another point in favor of early culling is that more room is made for the others.

Chickens while growing should have wide range. When young chickens are shut up most of the time the stock soon runs down. The laying stock will also be more vigorous if allowed wide range, but, like all full-grown animals, they will endure confinement better than the growing stock.

July-hatched chicks are on most farms the least satisfactory of any of the broods. Coming from stock which has been weakened by months of hard laying, they are hatched under hot and dry conditions which enfeeble them further. What life remains is liable to be sapped by swarms of lice, which are at their worst in late summer. In addition to these drawbacks, they are often neglected during the rush of the

bushels below the crop of last year. The crop of 1902 was a very large one, and these estimates accordingly do not indicate a short crop for this year. Much of the future depends on a few bright days and warm nights to counteract the cold, backward weather of recent weeks. The weather, however, as stated before, has been, on the whole, more favorable to corn in the West than in the East.

The average yield in the United States for the past ten years has been 34.33 bushels per acre. This rate of production for eighty million acres would give about 1,000,000,000 bushels, but the acreage is probably greater than the figure assumed, and so far as now appears the average rate of yield in the country as a whole will be fully maintained.

Besides the supposed reduction in acreage, there is the two per cent. damage from flood, possibly as much more from late planting and whatever further trouble may be caused by droughts or frost through the rest of the season. The demand for corn would be increased by the possible shortage of both corn and hay in the Eastern States, and this would be partly offset by the fact that probably over one billion bushels of last year's crop were still in reserve this spring, while in 1902 most of previous crop had been used up.

This stock in reserve of course has its influence on the price of the next crop. The crop of corn in other countries will not greatly influence the situation, since conditions abroad seem about the average this year and about three-fourths of the world's corn crop is grown in the United States. The crop in 1902 was not the largest the United States has produced. In its measurement it was a large crop. Officially, it was 2,523,648,312 bushels from 94,043,613 acres. The acreage expressed in square miles is 146,963 and an area stated to be sufficiently large to make a land nearly six miles wide and the earth's largest circumference; an area larger than is contained in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and one-fourth of Iowa, and all in corn. If considered as a single bulk of shelled corn, the production in 1902 would make a mass 112½ feet high, with perpendicular sides, on a base of a square mile. If in carloads of eight hundred bushels, it means 3,154,500 cars, making a line of freight cars 28,900 miles long, that would nearly girdle the earth at the equator.

While the United States grows only one-fifth the wheat crop, it practically controls the corn situation. Corn is the real king far more than wheat or cotton. Its fodder and grain are the staff of the farmer East or West. A fair crop means a good demand and a fair return for the producer and reasonable prices for the stock feeder and the Eastern dairyman. So far, these are the conditions promised for the current year. The situation as it develops is well worth study by every producer or consumer of grain.

## A Partial History of the Drag Plow.

Eighty years ago this summer the strife began between the wood and cast-metal plow. In 1823, an inventor in Hartford, Ct., made the first cast-iron plow bottom ever made. Before that the best plows made were of wood, with straight plate or strips of iron to protect parts most exposed. Eighty years ago the wood plow bottom was the highest state of the art.

Nearly all the plows of that day and before were simply crooked sticks, a natural crook picked up in the woods, with a little metal protection. For that reason, from the beginning of time, there was little or no chance for intense cultivation. The best harrow was a few iron spikes; the best hoe were nearly as poor. At that time and long before and forever afterwards there will be plenty of kickers against changes or improvements, so that when Joel Nourse took an ox team in 1825 and carted from Hartford to Worcester three hundred cast-iron plow bottoms it was nothing strange that the kickers said that will be the end of Joel Nourse, but later on he was the head and front of the Ames Plow Company, making many millions of similar plows and shipping them to every quarter of the globe. They also followed the trail of the Hon. John C. Fremont across the continent, and he constructed the first railroad, the Union Pacific Railroad, to connect the two oceans.

From 1825 on for many years there was a continued strife between Nourse and Horton to perfect the cast-iron and steel-bottom drag plow. In 1825, or about that time, there were but two great leaders in the world in the construction of metal plows. Joel Nourse was one of them, born in Massachusetts. He was the head and front of the Ames Plow Company, located in Worcester. He was drowned off Sachems Head, while in transit on a steamer from Boston, South, about ten years ago. Frost Horton, born in New York, located at Peasack, later on was in the New York Plow Company. These associates, after getting the start from the Hartford inventor, kept on changing the forms to improve these plow bottoms, making them turn stubble, fallow and sod land to suit the idea or whim of different sections or individual conditions, also making them to turn the furrow wide or narrow, shallow or deep, or otherwise. These two men kept on until they had perfected each nearly five hundred different kinds and sizes, etc., to suit the demands of consumers.

So much for the right and left-hand plow. In the meantime came Augustus Sanborn, who made and improved the first reversible drag plow bottoms up to date. All these were the creators, the men who made it possible for others to follow, to push on to the intense cultivation of today, adopted by the Hon. J. H. Hale, Mortimer Whitehead, F. H. Dow, S. T. Earle and thousands of others who have adopted intense cultivation, including Hon. George M. Clark, Higginum, Ct., the grass grower and intense cultivator of the soil.



OLD DAYS ON THE FARM.

be the object.

Those farmers were fortunate who had a reserve of old hay to fall back upon, but it is to be feared that the number is comparatively small. It will be in demand in the markets, and prices have advanced in anticipation of a future scarcity.

Farmers are commencing to sell a portion of their stock thus early for fear it cannot be wintered, and, as usual in such cases, prices will be low. There is much grain being fed to cows to try and keep them along on the short pastures and prevent too great a shrinkage in milk.

Hay looks like a two-thirds to three-quarters crop, at least in southern New England, except on old fields in thin upland, where the crop looks light. Some farmers have been mowing the past week, but the hay season has hardly got into full swing yet. A few bright, hot days will start business with a rush. The weather has held back the grass as well as other crops, and only a comparatively few early places are suffering from the delay in cutting.

## HAY ON WET LANDS.

Lowland mowings are forward for the season, but are full of water and cannot be attended to for some time. It is a common practice to leave these lowlands until all the other hay has been taken care of. Swale and brook grass do not get woody so early as upland grass, and can be left longer, but there is danger that another wet spell will come and flood the mowings, greatly increasing the work of haying. Anybody who has ever mowed river grass after it has been tangled or flattened by an overflow, and who has helped pole out the hay, carrying it through the water, will not be anxious to repeat the experience this year. It usually happens that the streams have a low period during the season, and the only safe plan is to cut the grass the first chance that occurs in July, whether or not the upland has been finished. Often a flood comes the last of July that keeps the sluggish streams high for the rest of the season. Wide wagon tires and mud shoes for the horses help in harvesting bog hay.

everywhere has made slow growth. On some farms it is already considered a partial failure. Now and then a farmer announces his intention to plant more corn this week on the theory that a cold summer would be followed by a warm, late fall, which would make Canada field corn or Crosby sweet corn a fair risk for ensilage planted as late as July 4. Most farmers, however, are depending upon Hungarian or barley for late sowing.

## IN THE ORCHARD.

Thinning the fruit will be practiced less than usual this season. Frost and freezes have done quite enough of such work already with most orchards. Unfortunately, the fruit removed early by natural means is not the poorest. Frost is just as likely to kill the future prize specimens as the small, knarly fruit. Plums in many localities seem to have set very full, and in such cases thinning will pay, because saving the strength of the tree and also increasing the size and quality of the fruit. In the case of plums, peaches and grapes overbearing sometimes causes the stock to die before another season. To thin grapes, prune the vine in season. Peaches have already been thinned nearly out of sight by the weather. Few growers will thin apples or pears on a season like the present, but some will, no doubt, remove the defective specimens in July. These are the orchardists who sell for \$5 per barrel when others would be glad to get \$1.50. Quinces are very full of fruit in some orchards. If trained low, as they should be, they are easily gone over in July. Severe thinning is not usually needed, as the quince will, in moist soil, ripen a large crop without much injury. But the bad and undersized ones should be picked off. They will never be worth much and will take just so much out of the good ones. Specimens of quince covered with yellow rust should be carefully gathered whenever seen, and taken where they will not spread the disease. Really fancy quinces bring good prices, and there is no such variation in the amount and value of the crop as in the case of apples. A lot

next spring. Clover seed is high priced now, but it pays to use it in this way, and it will do as much good as twice the money spent for fertilizers, although the effect will of course not be realized until next season.

An unusual amount of fertilizer is being used late in the season to push along late fodder crops. Two hundred pounds to the acre of high-grade mixture will hurry a second crop like magic.

This is the season of the year when weeds get ahead of the average farmer. The best weather for weed killing is also the best hay weather, and much of the hoeing is put off to cloudy days. Extra help is very hard to get in July and hard to pay for. It is wise not to plant more hood crops than have a fair chance of proper care, judging from experience. The cultivator should be kept busy, the fine-tooth implements being best after the roots of the crop begin to spread. With these tools cultivation may be kept up late in the season.

The strawberry crop is about over. The fairly high prices did not make up for the short crop. Some of the fields are fairly clean and will do for another year if the rows are plowed down to a narrow strip, manured, and allowed to fill up again with new plants. This moist weather has started plenty of good runners. Raspberries and currants now have the market. Cherries are not amounting to much this season. Some of these fruits and some of the early pears and apples go to waste on farms because the men and teams are too busy to be spared for gathering and peddling such products. But in many cases a little close planning and the help of a smart boy or girl will turn these neglected items into good dollars. Boys often make very good peddlers in time of need, and it is good business training for them.

## POULTRY IN MIDSUMMER.

Cull chickens should be sold as soon as large enough to be sorted out. The market will pay well for a rather small bird in May, June and July. The first two pounds of a chicken's growth cost much less per pound than does the third pound, and the third

hay season. Hatched in a cool place, with plenty of insect powder and some milk to drink, late chickens can be made to do well, but they do not flourish under common conditions.

## HERE AND THERE.

The house drain often gives trouble in midsummer and should be looked after to prevent smells and dangerous germs. The cellar should be cleaned, if not done before, and the cellar windows screened. Manure left around the stables breeds flies. Windows of the milk room should be carefully screened.

## The Outlook for Corn.

Fortunately the supply and price of corn and corn products do not depend on the success of the crop in the Eastern States. Otherwise, the stock feeders, dairymen and poultry keepers would be almost forced out of business during a poor corn year. The great stronghold of King Corn lies in the prairie States of the central Mississippi, including in order of bushels produced, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio. These seven States of the central West produce about one-half the world's supply of corn and about sixty-seven per cent. of the crop of the United States. Hence, the market is quite largely decided by weather and crop conditions in the central West, although the influence of poor crop prospects or increased demand in other sections must be taken into account. This year the conditions in the great corn region have been more favorable than in the East.

Floods did much damage in a small area, but the amount so affected is placed at not over two per cent. of the whole crop. The total acreage is considered a little less than last year, and some of it, say one-fourth, was planted late on account of the wet weather, and may not give a full crop. Taking these facts into account, the corn crop of the United States is estimated from present conditions by statisticians Oscar K. Lyle at about two thousand million bushels, or about five hundred million



## Drop in Dairy Products.

Quiet trade and heavy receipts have caused a decline of about one-half cent on most grades of creamery and dairy butter. Nothing can be sold in large lots above 21 cents, although some dealers are unwilling to sell at that figure, believing the decline to be temporary. Unquestionably the improvement in pastures has increased the butter output, and the effect will show for some time, although the season approaches when supply usually lessens. Best dairy holds steady at 20 cents, and lower grades are rather dull at quotations. Boxed and print goods are in moderate demand.

The New York market has been declining for some time, and prices are now a fraction below Boston. Receipts are heavy and the declines have caused buyers to hold off until they think prices have reached bottom, an attitude which increases the weakness of the situation. Storage buyers who have not finished their buying are waiting in hope of bargains. Thus the market is rather uncertain. Anything occurring to indicate a permanent range of higher prices would so encourage buyers into stocking up at once, thus increasing the demand. Receipts are liberal, and showing signs of remaining so for the whole of this week. Supply and demand have been very active this week. Receipts Wednesday were 24,640 packages, which is far ahead of any day this year or last year. Immense quantities were bought for storage. Prices held up pretty well, closing at 20 cents Wednesday for extra creamery and 20 cents for extra dairy. The bulk of the dairy, however, is of lower grade and brings 17 to 19 cents. On the other hand, some extra fancy lines went a fraction above top quotations.

Cheese is in moderate supply and slow demand, with prices a fraction lower on leading grades. Most lots of first quality sell at a fraction under 11 cents, but a few strictly fine New York and Wisconsin bring 11 cents. At New York cheese arriving quite freely and prices have eased off a little. Exporters are not doing much.

One of the weak points in dairying, and in fact the whole of agriculture, is not having the products properly graded before they are sold. Dairy products are placed upon the market and a rule sold under one of three names, milk, butter or cheese. The purchaser has not the slightest idea when or under what conditions they were produced or manufactured. The result is that quality does not count for what it should, and goods of high quality help to sell the poor. In other words, good and poor products sell for too nearly the same price. If the quality of the goods is thoroughly acceptable and the consumer knows that the products are made in a sanitary manner and that their quality can always be depended upon, there will be no difficulty in securing a ready market at an advanced price.

The practical question then is, "What can be done to develop the dairy market?" As an answer to this, the following half-dozen brief pointers are offered by the dairy expert of the Illinois Experiment Station:

"First and foremost, produce a high-class article.

"Put up dairy products in such a manner that the consumer will get the original package.

"Standardize and sell by grade and brand. Practice honesty and have grades exactly as represented.

"Guarantee standards and invite inspection.

"Publish the exact meaning of different grades and make people intelligent by putting out literature freely to educate them.

"All places where dairy products are produced or manufactured should have standards of cleanliness and be open to inspection."

Receipts at Boston for the week were 40,233 tubs, 45,507 boxes or 2,260,829 pounds of butter, 5212 boxes of cheese, besides seventy-six boxes for export and 29,196 cases of eggs. For the corresponding week of last year the receipts were 41,202 tubs, 36,098 boxes or 2,143,109 pounds of butter, 4584 boxes of cheese, besides 2385 boxes of cheese for export and 25,917 cases of eggs.

At New York receipts for the week were 66,700 packages of butter, 37,401 packages of cheese and 63,300 cases of eggs. For the corresponding week last year receipts were 61,935 packages of butter, 36,273 packages of cheese and 58,292 cases of eggs.

**Decline in Meat and Provisions.**

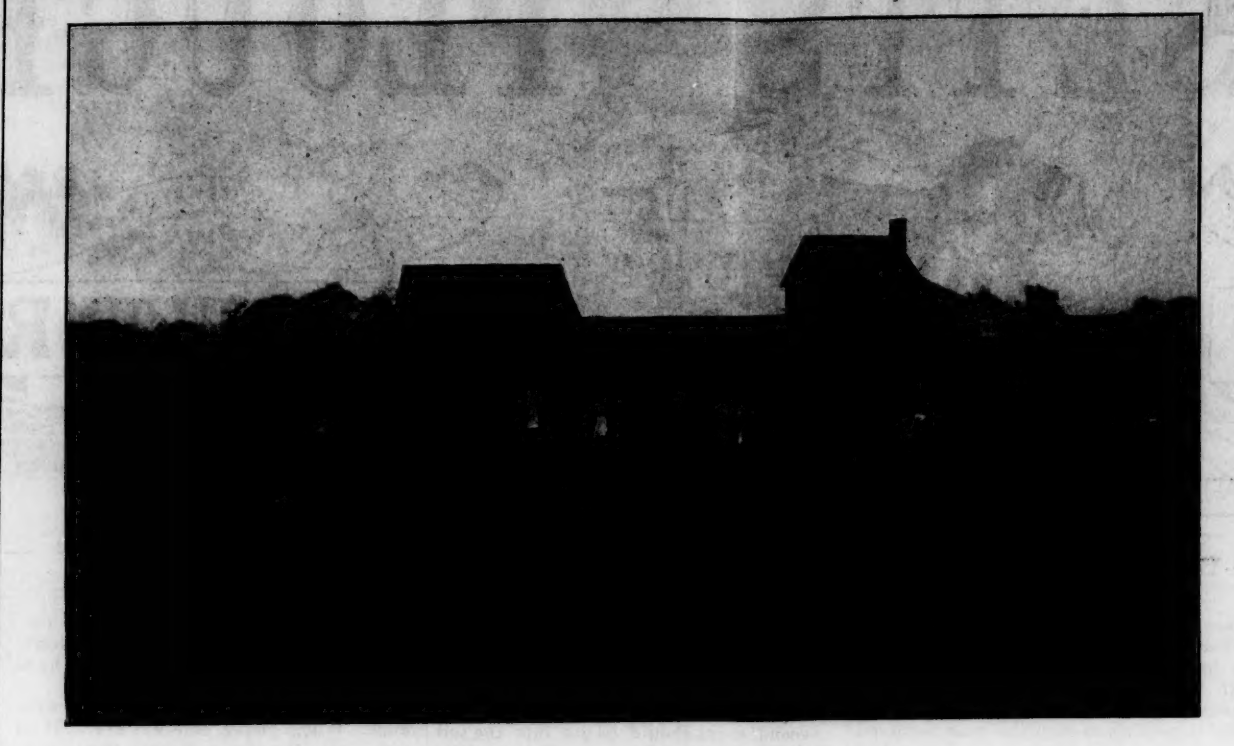
Beef, pork and mutton have ruled lower during the past fortnight, but have recovered in part during the past three days. Receipts have been very large, and the liberal supply has brought about a range of prices still somewhat lower than those quoted last week. A very large kill of hogs was made during the week by Boston packers. The total for the week was about 32,500, preceding week 27,400, same week a year ago 27,000.

The movement of hogs the past week has been large, exceeding any previous week since January, and much in excess of corresponding time last year, nearly wiping out the deficiency in packing since March 1, according to the Cincinnati Price Current. Total Western packing 230,000, compared with 415,000 the preceding week and 430,000 two weeks ago. For corresponding time last year the number was 395,000 and two years ago 435,000, the latter being exceeded by the record for the past week. From March 1 the total is 6,375,000, against 6,420,000 a year ago—reducing the deficiency since March 1 to 45,000. The quality is good. Prices are lowered, and at the close the average for prominent places is about \$5.80 per 100 pounds, compared with \$6.05 a week ago, \$5.95 two weeks ago, \$7.45 a year ago and \$6 two years ago.

Beef is in rather light demand, with prices fractionally lower on most grades. The arrivals for the week show a slight decrease over last week. The total was 190 cars for Boston and ninety-eight cars for export, a total of 288 cars; preceding week, 195 cars for Boston and ninety-nine cars for export, a total of 294 cars; same week a year ago, ninety-seven cars for Boston and sixty-two cars for export, a total of 159 cars.

**Vegetable Markets Strong.**

Supplies of most lines of vegetables have been rather light this week on account of the weather, while demand has been pretty good. Prices are, on the whole, high for the season. Potatoes are being well throughout the season and are now considered scarce. They readily bring \$2 to \$3 per bushel, the higher rates being for choice Telephone, Stratagem and other large-podded sweet kinds. Small-podded peas, no matter how choice, sell lower, although such kinds as Little Gem are sought after by some buyers at a medium price. Hot-house tomatoes are in good demand and higher, although Southern tomatoes are in fair supply. Cucumbers, hot-house and Southern, are plenty and dull.



WORKING A SCHOOL GARDEN.

See descriptive article.

## Literature.

Bunch beets, carrots, onions, turnips, radishes and old carrots and parsnips have been selling at firm prices. Asparagus about the same, both supply and demand being rather light, but best lots are doing well. Southern squash is higher. Southern potatoes have been growing more plenty, but are still high in price. Cabbage is selling well.

At New York many lines of vegetables are in light supply, including old potatoes, asparagus, cucumbers, green corn, peas, squashes, string beans. Onions are plenty and quiet. New potatoes are plenty, but demand is improving. Much of the Southern green corn is of very poor quality. Tomatoes from the South are very plenty and cheap. Cabbages are in good demand.

## Stronger Wool Markets.

The demand has been increasing the past few weeks and prices have advanced on nearly all lines. Many dealers expect a further advance. Wool men who have canvassed the situation thoroughly have reached an estimate on the shortage of the crop this year. The Government report up to April 1 made the sheep losses about ten per cent, but since then the losses have been much greater, especially in the Northwest, and Western stockmasters are of the opinion that twenty per cent will hardly cover the loss. This will mean about eight million pounds less wool than last year. Statistics are not all in regarding the wool situation, but it is believed that the year's shortage will drop about fifteen per cent. The greatest losses were in Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, but there is a decrease of 4 to five per cent in Oregon and Washington. The Wool and Cotton Reporter of Boston says:

"Making due allowances for the losses in States east of the Mississippi river, it is evident that thirty million pounds from such data as are now obtainable would be a liberal estimate, which is about eleven per cent of last year's clip. The weight per fleece on the whole will be somewhat lighter than it was last year, so that this will somewhat increase the falling off in the grease weight of the clip also, but, making sufficient allowance for this, it is evident that the shortage, reckoned in grease pounds, will hardly exceed twelve per cent at the most."

What effect this will have upon the price of wool is, of course, uncertain. Other things being equal, it would naturally exert a strengthening tendency. But the demand for wool is not as good as it was last year. Consumption is curtailed, and as long as it continues so, however strong may be the statistical position, the price of wool will advance with difficulty; but if consumption increases in the last half of the year, with a diminished yield at home and a reduced yield abroad, there may be some advance in the price of wool. As the consumption of wool will depend largely upon the goods market, it is needless to say that the course of the latter will be watched with much interest for some time to come."

## Grange Co-operative Departments.

"Co-operation does help us in many ways, educationally, socially and financially, and there is continually expressed among our members a desire to receive the benefits derived from intelligent co-operation," asserts Massachusetts State Master, Ladd. "Our grain buying is continually increasing, and though comparatively small as yet, it has saved to our patrons many hundred dollars this year, and I believe the time is coming when it will be practical for us to enter into trade relations with the mills at the West."

"Our Patrons' fire insurance has demonstrated to the public, and our members, that we can co-operate successfully, and I feel confident if our life insurance is started it will meet with the same success."

## Some Good Jersey Cows.

The following are the latest officially recorded tests reported by the American Jersey Cattle Club: King of St. L.'s Jewel of C. H. 130558: Sire, Good Hill King of St. L. 3328; dam, Charity of Pitta. Butter, 15 pounds 32 ounces; estimated fat, 13.266 pounds; milk, 303.8 pounds. Test made from May 11 to 17, 1903; age, 7 years 2 months; actual weight, 890 pounds; fed 14 pounds bran, 14 pounds linseed meal, 14 pounds corn and oat-meal and 100 pounds ensilage—blue-grass pasture. Property of Ohio State University, Columbus, O.

King of St. L.'s Jewel of C. H. 130530: fourteen days; Butter, 29.6 pounds; estimated fat, 23.723 pounds; milk, 601.6 pounds. Test made from May 11 to 24, 1903; age, 7 years 3 months; actual weight, 890 pounds; fed 394 pounds linseed meal, 394 pounds bran, 394 pounds corn and oat-meal and 210 pounds ensilage—blue-grass pasture. Property of Ohio State University, Columbus, O.

Lemorna 22879: Sire, Signia 29385; dam, Avonlea 16778. Butter, 17 pounds; milk, 302 pounds. Test made from May 21 to 27, 1903; age, 9 years 8 months; estimated weight, 800 pounds; fed gluten feed and bran—pasture. Property of Frank E. Shaw, Moon's, N. Y.

In "Felix" we have a well-drawn picture of the influence which Honore de Balzac's "La Comedie Humaine" might have upon the life of any youth of highly sensitive temperament and vivid imagination whose mind is immature and whose life has been spent quietly in the country amid commonplace events. When Balzac wrote his views of life under varying conditions, he pictured the alluring attractiveness which sin holds forth to its victims. Were we as ugly as Dante pictured it, would we sin? Ah, no! Roses which draw one to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty have hidden thorns. Robert Hichens, the author of "Felix," shows in his titled character a man taking this view of the many phases of sin which Balzac portrays. There is something admirable about them all, and Felix loses sight of the filth beneath the gilt. The story opens with Felix in France meeting a traitor who is a devoted admirer of Balzac, and he leads Felix to read and enjoy the wonderful books this noted French novelist has written. Felix gains his knowledge of city life from these stories. He wonders at the ignorance of those who live simple lives in the country. He begins to analyze human nature, starting with his mother first and then his sister. He feels irritated at their pronounced views and he assumes a grand air of knowledge and a proprietorship over them. His sister is to marry a country clergyman and Felix attempts to interpose. Finally he becomes alien to both his mother and to his sister. At his sister's wedding he meets an extremely fascinating woman, whose husband is a publisher, Ismay by name. Felix is eager to go to London and Mr. Ismay offers him a position in his establishment. When Felix is settled in his London quarters, he calls at Mr. Ismay's home and Mrs. Ismay persuades him to resume her husband's offer. From this time begins Felix's acquaintance with Mrs. Ismay and her role of deception toward both her husband and Felix. At length Felix learns how blind youth is to how much he, with all his knowledge gleaned from Balzac, has yet to learn. Not by books do men gain their most precious knowledge, nor by money, but by personal experience. Mrs. Ismay has the morphia habit, and the most disgusting features of the effects of the deadly drug are described, even to a Parisian morphineuse's rooms. Felix's soul is sick with disgust, and then he determines to force Mrs. Ismay to be cured. Her husband is away and he plans to take her to Paris. On the day of his departure he receives word that his mother is in London and he finds her in a private hospital, awaiting an operation. Then it is that the boy's arrogant pride and false wisdom drop away from him and he sees in all the world one precious charge—his mother. When the operation is over and his mother slowly comes back to life and health his self-conceit disappears.

Mr. Hichens pictures Felix in France in the place where he obtained his inspiration from the old tailor to read Balzac. Entering the tailor shop and living-room Felix says:

"Ah, Louis, I see you have kept the books."

"But, naturally, monsieur!" cried the tailor, who was rummaging in a corner of the chamber with his back turned to Felix. "They are my only companions, but for the little Honore and the little Marthe. How should I not keep them?"

"Don't you think they are dangerous, Louis? That books may be enemies rather than friends? Did you not tell me that those books drove you to Paris, and that in Paris you starved?" And he thought of his own starvation.

"Monsieur," said the tailor warmly, "would you have a man when he was thinking all the time of the little men who read him? Would you have had Monsieur de Balzac come from writing less the little dwarf who measured him for trousers with foot and found he was to go forth and starve in Paris?"

"No, Monsieur, no. If the little are turned to folly by the writings of the great, believe me, it is the fault of the little."

"Felix" turns out to be a novel of two distinct themes, and the development of one is supposed to be accomplished by the maturity of the other, but this is not so. Mr. Hichens opens and closes his novel with his hero Felix in contemplation of Balzac and his works. Felix began life with all that Balzac had written of life stored in his brain, and a few years later he finds that the books he read did harm, although he had no special experiences. He is simply a victim, and it is her experience which fills the body of Mr. Hichens' story. It is disappointing to be dragged through the horrors of a drug habit instead of following the actual experiences of a youth who has been living in a dream world akin to our own, in which the ever-increasing struggle for good and evil is carried on.

Mr. Hichens shows some originality and he can draw character types well. But he seems to be unable to sustain his original theme. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, \$1.50.

"That Ireland has a tragic history few will question, but literature has been singularly silent with regard to a land which has proved to be a sort of thorn in England's flesh. Novelists are strangely ignorant of

the amount of unused material in the world, and we therefore have historical romances dealing with such events as the 'Reign of Terror' in France, until the subject is more than threadbare. There was a reign of terror in Ireland also, and it was when Cromwell and his army invaded the island. F. Frankfort Moore, in 'Castle Omeragh,' has narrated in a small way what this invasion of Ireland meant to its inhabitants.

There is no war so cruel and so full of horrors as a religious war, and that was what Cromwell was conducting. Men who sing psalms while they are fighting are indomitable; they neither give nor expect quarter. They kill or die for the Lord, and Cromwell considered himself 'the avenging arm.' Mr. Moore peoples his narrative with a few strongly principled characters, both good and bad. The story opens with the receiving at Castle Omeragh of the news of the sale of Harry Fawcett into slavery by Cromwell along with other prisoners. The young man's father feels hopeful that his son will return, but Walter, the brother, doubts it. Father Mahoney is a blind-witted man, who proves to be the mainstay of the castle in its days of trouble. Kathleen O'Brien, a beautiful girl, helps to sustain the love interest, while Missess Finola, who is introduced later in the story, is a brave young woman. The native superstitions of the Irish nature are developed by a foreign glass which Walter Fawcett, narrator of the story, possesses. Father Mahoney takes it, and, after adjusting it according to certain laws of astrology, returns it to Walter, asking him to look therein. Thus Walter is warned of coming events by his visions in this glass. Walter thinking that Kathleen O'Brien is loved by his brother, and that the devotion is reciprocated, takes it upon himself to court Kathleen for Harry during the latter's absence. Kathleen endeavors to open Walter's eyes as to the truth of the situation—that is, that it is he whom she loves—but Walter never suspects the truth. When Harry, having escaped, returns, he brings the beautiful Missess Finola companion in his captivity. Walter is indignant at what he terms his brother's perfidy. But the defending of the castle from Cromwell's men and the discovery of a traitor in camp leave little time for Walter to comfort Kathleen. The triumph of the castle's defenders over Cromwell's men and the rescue of Finola furnish a fitting climax of the plot, although there is a satisfactory ending of the love interest. The war plays the greater part in the story, but the affairs of the heart are by no means a side issue as is the case with some historical novels. The writer takes the Irish point of view, and he does it in a manner to attract and hold the attention of the reader. As a literary production, however, Mr. Moore has not maintained his standard. Some parts of the book are carelessly written. The character of the priest, Father Mahoney, is one of the best of all the fictitious personages in the story. He is a bright, quick-witted and resourceful individual, entirely unlike the conception of a priest which many readers may have. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

Mary Catherine Crowley has created some charming as well as lovable girl characters in her historical novels. In 'A Daughter of New France' there was a fine example of innate bravery within the heart of a girl already maturing into lovely womanhood; 'The Heroine of the Strait' only emphasized this type of character the more; and now in her latest novel, 'Love Thrives in War,' it would seem as if we had the bravest of the brave in Laurette MacIntosh, the daughter of the stubborn but good-souled Scotchman, Angus MacIntosh. In selecting the Canadian frontier for the scene of the war of 1812 for the scene of her story, Miss Crowley has been able to introduce some interesting historical characters, notably that brave Indian chief, Tecumseh. The historical events of the war are made vividly real. There is the brave British captain Muir, who is generous and self-sacrificing; the daring and adventurous American Labadie, and the civilized Indian, James Blue Jacket, all of whom love Laurette. In joining Tecumseh and his warriors, James Blue Jacket waits his chance to take Laurette by force when the conflict is on between the Americans and the British. General Proctor of the British forces is made to appear cruel and crafty, putting to shame his white skin in comparison with Tecumseh, who wants to fight square, and gain a great brave victory. The self-denial of the American soldiers, their uncomplaining endurance of hunger and cold, recall to one's mind the price of our liberty which we enjoy today. Miss Crowley makes General Hull appear a most glaring coward. So severe is she in her judgment of the American general that she does not spare him for a moment, nor soften his record by any instance of kindly human action. The love interest is fully sustained, of course, with three men seeking the favor of the pretty Scotch heroine. There is both history and romance in abundance in the book, but the reader is spared the unnecessary details of our second war with Great Britain. Miss Crowley cannot be said to have produced a novel of greater literary rank than her previous works, but she has written a very readable story. [Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

In narrating Western stories, Cyrus Townsend Brady confines himself to the time of the early settlement of the frontier when

the fort, the camp-fire and the small village constituted the homes of the pioneers. In 'The Bishop' Mr. Brady, the ecclesiastical hero, is a man who was 'respected by the high and low, rich and poor, gentle and rough, red man and black, yellow and white,—may they did more, they loved him.' The stories which comprise the book are, for the most part, actual experiences which 'the Bishop' has undergone. The introduction informs us that nearly all the tales are true. They are stories of sorrow and joy of human hearts, and they touch and interest the reader. The death of David King, which results in the governor's conversion, is one of the best stories in the collection. 'A Whirlwind Wedding,' which opens with an undecided girl and two determined men who are friends, yet bound to settle the matter with an exchange of shots, is stirring and exciting.

'A Spartan' is the story of a girl true to her post of duty to the last. 'Diosch, Love and the Fire' is the tale of a daring attempt to save many lives by the sacrifice of one. We obtain glimpses of real life in the West in one of the most interesting periods of its development, a picturesque period, which is now rapidly passing. Mr. Brady has shrewdly recommended in his introduction another of his own books in which he says we may read more about the little Bishop, long since dead. As a collection of Western stories these are no better nor worse than other tales of the plains. This book will not add to the author's reputation, although it will afford pleasant reading to the minority of the readers who prefer a book of short stories. [New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.]

**Notes and Queries.**

**THE LARGEST DIAMOND.—**"K. M.": There is now in Amsterdam, for the purpose of being worked in the diamond-cutting shops, the largest diamond in the world, and one that is unique in the annals of the trade. So much is this the case, that special turning and other tools have had to be manufactured for dealing with it. The stone is as large as a hen's egg, and weighs 970 carats. It is thus twice as large as the Koh-i-Noor, which weighed five hundred carats before being cut. The stone, which was extracted from a South African mine ten years ago, is named the Excelsior, and after being acquired by a syndicate has been sent to Amsterdam.

**HATCHING BY INCUBATOR.**—"Amateur": "An egg in the process of hatching," says an expert, "is remarkably sensitive to vibration. The fall failures that amateur encounters in hatching out chicks by an incubator method are due to lack of precaution in providing against the effect of vibration on the eggs. The rumble of a train or the passage of a wagon along the street will spoil a whole incubator full of eggs, if the faintest vibratory wave reaches the apparatus. Even such a little thing as the banging of a door in some other part of the house will destroy the chances of hatching out a brood, where care has not been taken to place the incubator beyond the reach of such disturbances. A thunderstorm always gives breeders a scare, as thousands of eggs may be spoiled by a sudden heavy thunder clap. Tremors or coughs in the vicinity of the incubators will sometimes work a disastrous result."

**THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW.**—"Victor": Inasmuch as all boxing contests which terminate speedily are, as a rule, ended by this character of coup de grace, the physiology of it is of great interest. A man struck with any degree of force upon the mental area of the jaw, although he may be in perfect physical condition, instantly collapses and falls to the ground. The attitude assumed in recovery, which may be instantaneous or delayed some minutes, is most characteristic. He squirms about, raises his head and rolls his eyes in an attempt to locate himself. He tries to get on his side and elbow. He endeavors to rise upon his hands and knees. If he regains his feet he staggers like a drunken man, and should he proceed to reopen hostilities, he is usually promptly "put out" by his adversary. The blow is practically never fatal, the heart's action is never unduly accelerated, the pulse and respiration are normal; the pupils are normal; there is no headache, no sweats, no cold extremities, no pallor—none of the ordinary signs of shock or concussion. James G. Dunlop (British Medical Journal, April 4, 1903) believes the condition to be due entirely to a shaking up of the endoplasm in the semi-circular canals. When the blow is administered there is a violent overstretching of the head, which is held in its anteroposterior position by muscles, which, compared with those inflicting the blow, are small and puny. The result is that the head flies around with a jerk and the fluid in the canals is subjected to a greater disturbance than by any other trauma. There is little reason to doubt that this is the interesting pathology of the well-known but little understood coup de grace.

**GOLF.—**"Sandy": The word golf and the game of golf are both essentially Dutch and not Scotch. The name is from that of a Dutch game played with club and ball. The word golf is from the Dutch word kolf, which means a club, a bat, a golf stick. The game was played in Holland before Queen Elizabeth began to reign in England. The NAVEY BAY.—"Marian": The enlisted force of the navy during the coming year is expected to consume 220,000 pounds of frankfurter sausages and 144,000 pounds of sauerkraut. This is a part of the new navy ration, for the component parts of which contracts are shortly to be awarded covering one year's supplies, delivered at the various navy yards and stations. The schedules for these provisions have been prepared in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, and it has been one of the interesting duties of that bureau to figure out the amount of substance of this class which will probably be consumed on shipboard. The aggregate supplies, in addition to the 220,000 pounds of frankfurters and 144,000 pounds of sauerkraut, are as follows: 1,100,000 pounds of fresh beef, 257,000 pounds of fresh pork chops, 172,000 pounds of fresh veal, 285,000 pounds of fresh mutton, 220,000 pounds of pork sausages, eighty-eight thousand pounds of bologna sausages, 72,000 pounds of smoked beef sausages, 141,000 pounds of sugar-cured hams, 141,000 pounds of sugar-cured shoulders, 141,000 pounds of fresh beef liver, 285,000 pounds of dressed chickens and 71,800 pounds of dressed turkey.

**THE MAGNET.**—"M. S.": Thousands of years ago a mineral having the strange power of attracting iron was found in the country anciently called Magnesia, in Asia Minor. The name of this country has given us the word "magnet." This mineral, which is now called the lodestone (not loadstone), attracted the attention of the curious, and it was discovered that a piece of iron which had been rubbed with the lodestone acquired the same power of attracting iron; in other words, the piece of iron became a magnet. It was afterward found that such an iron or artificial magnet could be used like the lodestone itself to convert other pieces of iron into magnets by rubbing. Some time recently, a mode of making magnets by means of electricity was discovered, that is, by wrapping a piece of insulated wire many times around the bar and then causing a current of electricity to pass through the wire. The familiar small toy magnets are simply steel bars which have been rubbed a few times against powerful magnets.

## Curious Facts.

The Sultan of Turkey requires that a state documents and papers intended for his perusal shall first pass through a careful process of disinfection.

A curious sight in the streets of Tokio is to see an old man seated on a smooth piece of ground having round him little piles of sand of different colors, red, blue, yellow, black, etc. Placing a pinch from each pile in his right hand, he will draw on a smooth ground the figure of a man or woman, the dress all properly colored by the sand trickling through his fingers. It is done with great rapidity and shows remarkable dexterity.

An indication of a new tendency in scientific study is furnished by the plan of the Geograph-

ical Society of Baltimore to send this summer to the Bahama Islands a ship carrying a staff of fifty persons, who will study the geology, geography, botany, zoology, climatology, physics and medical and hygienic conditions of those islands. The ship, specially chartered for the purpose, will be fitted and equipped as the home and laboratory of the party during the entire trip.

A new method of discovering beds of ore hidden underground, which electricity serves for a detector, is said to have met with some success in Wales and in Cornwall. A current of high potential—thirty thousand or more volts—is led to two metal rods set in the ground. From these, lines of force spread in all directions, and can be detected by means of a telephone receiver connected with another pair of metal rods, which may be placed in any desired position. When no sounds, or only very faint ones, are heard, that fact indicates a deflection of the lines of force, and by shifting the place of the rods the location of the metallic masses which produce the deflection can be determined.

The application of photography to rapid survey work is gradually attracting more attention, and recently Mr. C. E. Stromeyer of England described an interesting method of measuring the angular shaft in the position of a distant object as seen from two separate points, by superposing a photographic negative taken at one of the points upon a positive taken at the other point, and then moving one of the films, until the object in question disappears in consequence of the negative and positive images coinciding. By using the superposed plates as a slide in a magic lantern, the amount of overlapping appears greatly magnified, and the adjustment needed to produce coincidence of the images can be more accurately measured.

Fish caught on the coasts of France and Italy are now transported alive by rail to Germany and Russia for the market. The living fish are placed in covered aquaria, or cisterns, running on small wheels, and stored in wagons for the purpose. The water of the cisterns is renewed continually by means of a motor pump and a system of pipes connected with the aquaria.

The Zurich police are at present training a number of collie dogs to run down and catch law-breakers. Barracks at Selnau, near Zurich, have been set apart for the "education" of the animals. By means of dumb bells, the dogs are taught to bring down a man and pin him to the ground without biting him. They also learn to jump over walls and to follow a man into the water and prevent him from drowning. The education of a dog is completed in about three weeks.

One of the features that attract most attention in traveling through the Australian colonies is the number of churches which are everywhere to be found. Every little township or village has three or four edifices devoted to worship; in fact, one Victorian hamlet achieved notoriety by being the possessor of five churches and no public houses.

## Gems of Thought.

Providence people are like reformers who have a net spread under them, and who know that if the worst comes to the worst they will fall into a safe place.

The great Pan of old, who was clothed in a leopard-skin to signify the beautiful variety of things, and the firmament, his coat of stars was but the representative of the O, rich and various Man! thou palace of light and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the evening of the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong.—Emerson.

For it is great folly to heap up much wealth for our children and not to teach them to use the children for whom we get it. It is as if a man should take more care about his shoe than about his foot.—Jeremy Taylor.

Try to do little things for God without letting any one know.—Edward Everett Hale.

Love is delicate; love is hurt with jar and fret; and you might as well expect a violin to remain in tune if roughly used as love to survive if chilled or driven into itself.—Sir John Lubbock.

Let us not underestimate the value of a good governess. To be good to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways that are to our touch by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—Edward H. Griggs.

Be sure, if you do your very best in that which is laid upon you daily, you will not be left without help when some mightier occasion arises.—Jean Nicholas Gron.

The sweetest music is in orations, but in the human voice when it speaks from its latest line tones of tenderness, truth and courage.—Hiram Carson.

If you would be strong, seek Him in daily prayer, seek Him by bold self-dedication and resolute purpose, seek Him in hallowed Sundays and earnest communion.—Canon Farrar.

If despair overwhelm thee in this abode of gloom, be wise and prepare for thyself a place of greater cheerfulness. Wishest thou the night of the grave to be luminous as day, carry a lamp with thee ready trimmed the lamp of good works.—Saadi.

A candle that won't shine in one room is very unlikely to shine in another. If you do not shine at home, if your mother and father, your sister and brother, if the very cat and dog in the house are not better and happier for your being a Christian, it is a question whether you really are one.—J. Hudson Taylor.

Hearts are linked to hearts by God. The friend on whose fidelity you can count, whose success in life flushes your cheek with honest satisfaction, whose triumphant career you have traced and read with a heart throbbing almost as if it were a thing alive, whose honor you would answer as for your own; that friend, given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift.—F. W. Robertson.

No mock piety, no sanctimony of phrase or language of face on Sundays will suffice. You must live in the light of God and hold such a spirit in exercise as you wish to see translated into your children.—Horace Bushnell.

## Brilliantes.

Nothing can utterly die; Music, aloft upspringing, Turns to pure atoms of sky.

Each golden note of singing, And that to which morning did listen At eve in a rainbow may gladden.—Fitzgerald.

They are idols of hearts and of households; They are angels of God in disguise; His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses, His glory still gleams in their eyes.

Oh, those trunks from home and from heaven, They have made me more manly and mild, And I know now how Jesus could liken The kingdom of God to a child.

The world is sweet, the world is fair, To scarce a day of our life do we care, Its mornings dawn in beauty rare, Its evenings tranquil fall.

Or high or low in its degree, The task our souls must share; But its nobility we care, The world is sweet and fair.—Ripley D. Saunders.

I brought a blossom home with me Beneath my roof to stay; But timid and frail was she, And died before I could say.

She missed the measureless expanse Of heaven, and heaven her countenance.—J. B. Tabb.

Eternity and time of these, O sea, thy song Erstwhile, thy storm-burst beating with awful truth related.

The choir's clamored shocks, how atoms fought and hated; Thy tempest's roar was echo of that shrieking through.

But now thy calm entrails melt. Conquered is the wronging billows breathe the joy that God has fated To crown the cosmic toil; repose for all created, That holy peace for which worlds, men and angels long.—Marvin Dana.







# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

TELEPHONE NO. 3707 MAIN.

Will the gentleman in Chicago contest M. Rostand's admission to the French Academy?

Certainly the Christian Scientists cannot be said to have given the Hub absent treatment.

No, the Hungarian premier who was insulted in the diet wasn't insulted by being offered an American health food.

If the Pope had no other claim to prominence he would soon be old enough to emigrate to New England and get his picture in the daily papers.

Speaking of parades, wouldn't you like to see that three-mile procession of army-women reported to be on the march across the State of Washington?

The worst reflection yet made on Pennsylvania politics is that of the man who recently killed himself by slow poison to escape from the politicians.

It seems a pity that the first reindeer mail from Point Barrow to Nome couldn't have brought pleasant tidings from the most northerly point of the continent.

Truly we need a Prof. Jules Verne to make us fully comprehend the possibilities of Professor Whitney's efforts to tap the sea of electricity for the benefit of modern industrial progress.

What will the late Bandmaster Godey do in the next world? The harpists are all in one department, the fiddlers all in another, and so far as we have heard, there is no full band in either.

The Hungarian student who committed suicide rather than borrow money of his landlord has sadly perplexed our preconceived notion of student life in a region that's so near Bohemia.

All credit to Mr. Connors of Newton Highlands who pounded the keys of his piano with a hammer in his efforts to drive away a temporary melancholy. What is worth doing at all is worth doing thoroughly.

The presentation of medals for bravery to three policemen during the past week emphasizes the fact that it's the plain ordinary policeman who comes nearest to playing the knight-errant in these days of systematized and ordinarily unexciting existence.

Mr. Zangwill is one of the few modern writers who not only pause while between productions, but practically disappear from the news columns during the interval. Nobody need be surprised, therefore, that what he writes is generally worth reading.

The serpent is said to be coming in again as a motif in fashionable jewelry. A great deal of contemporary fame is now waiting for the young woman whose press agent realizes the Biblical statement by having a golden serpent inserted in the heel of her shoe.

Now that so many of our towns and cities are reaching their 250th anniversaries, the country begins to present the appearance of having one foot some distance in the past. But even so, truth compels us to admit, historically considered, that 250 years isn't such a very long straddle.

The one idea, that of soil improvement by thorough culture and leguminous crops, has millions in it for owners of run-down farms. Some "worn-out" land has been brought up without manure, and what has been done can be done again.

The market for firewood is still quite active in some sections, and considerable summer wood-chopping has been done. Such conditions in midsummer indicate that the public has a lingering fear of another coal strike in the near future. A good wood lot is fast becoming a very attractive piece of property.

Mr. Doogue is doing well with the crops on the Common; the same cannot be said for the heraldic tribute to an approaching convention with which the garden has been recently decorated. Strangers should have a better welcome to Boston than the unesthetic waving of a doormat in flowers.

The art of advertising a newspaper has taken another long step. The Ohio State Journal recently engaged an opera house and gave the dear public the benefit of a week of free vaudeville. Giving the vaudeville performance in an opera house is a praiseworthy variant upon giving it in the columns of the paper.

"An idealist," says the clergyman-author of a play recently produced in England, "is a man who wants the moon, but is willing to be put off with a good-sized muffin." The epigram, although not as light as the muffin ought to be, illustrates the difficulty with which even the versatile depart from the pleasant associations of a familiar calling.

"Five years ago," says a contemporary, "a little maiden came from the West to Boston with the firm determination to do something worth while in art. Now her pictures of 'Frivolous Girls' have been sold in every State in the Union, in Japan, Africa, China, South America and many other places." Such is the "worth while in art," is it?

Beginning this month the Germans will have a chance to taste their own favorite doctrine of trade control through vexatious inspection laws. The new food law now taking effect is said to hit certain German producers very hard. They will be able to understand the feelings of our exporters of meat products and fruit.

The ox team may be slow, but it discounts horses when hay is to be drawn from river meadows and low mucky places. On the old-time farm a pair of good steers are still in order. They may never make a record for speed, but, on the other hand, they will not take the boys to the race track with its sporty associations. And as to speed, the ox in his proper place, like the tortoise in the fable, often wins the contest by his strength, steadiness and fitness for special conditions.

The scarcity of farm help is being felt with especial force at the opening of the hay and harvest season. Kansas alone calls for seventy thousand hands to take care of

the wheat crop, but no such number can be found. Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska are in much the same predicament, and the States further North will soon begin harvesting. Many Eastern farmers would like extra help for haying this month, but do not know where the men are to be found. If hard times are to come, as some believe, one compensation will appear in a better supply of workmen for farm work, wood-chopping, odd jobs and other kinds of hard work, now awaiting the willing hand.

The plan to settle more Jewish immigrants on American farms deserves encouragement for its good intentions and for the benefit promised in improvement of the stamina of the race. It appears, however, that Jewish agricultural instincts have been somewhat blunted by centuries of life in cities. Hundreds of New England farms are now occupied by Russian and Polish Jews, but there are few of them which present a thrifty appearance considered merely as farms, and few where the clothing shop or the junk heap does not seem to flourish better than corn or cattle. The acknowledged intelligence of the Hebrew could no doubt be readily turned to successful farming, as appears from experience in certain New Jersey colonies, but the promoters of the plan should begin with starting a practical training school for the young men intended to be sent to the farms.

Now and then some muddled old orator imagines he is scoring a point against the dairymen by attacking the makers of factory or renovated butter, and the renovators often bite back again by way of revenge. From the real dairymen's point of view it is a case of dog eat dog. He smiles when he hears the butter boilers called "dairymen," and considers their spoiled butter, which is bought at tallow prices to be doctored up and sold in competition with real butter, as anything but a help to the dairy industry. He does not care to see the production of grease butter encouraged at the expense of skilled dairymen and at a loss to the original producer. It is a question whether the boiled and drugged butter is not doing more harm than good. Chicago food inspectors are reported to have found that fifty per cent. of the creamery product examined was a worked-over product, disgusting in origin and worthless in keeping quality. Such conditions would be harder to regulate than the frauds in oleo.

**Securing More Good Fruit.**  
A tree each of Gravenstein and Tetosky apples was thinned on July 1 at the Massachusetts experiment farm and a similar tree of each variety left unthinned as a check. In case of the Gravenstein the yield on the thinned and unthinned trees, respectively, was: First-quality fruit nine bushels and 2½ bushels, second-quality fruit one bushel and 2½ bushels, windfalls 9½ bushels and 10½ bushels.

In the case of Tetosky, the thinned trees gave one bushel of windfalls and the unthinned trees three bushels; of second-quality fruit, the yield was one-half bushel from each tree, and of first-quality fruit the thinned tree yielded two bushels and the unthinned tree none at all.

Allowing sixty cents per bushel for seconds, the market value of the thinned Gravenstein was over twice as much as that of the unthinned, and of the thinned Tetosky apples, eleven times as much as that of the unthinned. It cost forty-eight cents to thin the Gravenstein and twenty-five cents to thin the Tetosky. The net gain due to thinning was eighty-five cents for the Tetosky and \$1.85 for the Gravenstein. It is thought that the results would have been more pronounced if the thinning had been done two weeks earlier.

The large percentage of windfalls in case of the Tetosky was believed to be largely due to the fact that the apples have very short stems, and are borne in clusters of from three to eight fruits each, so that as they grow they become very much crowded. With trees having this characteristic, therefore, thinning is especially valuable.

## Housekeeping Cares.

All sorts of expedients are resorted to nowadays to lighten the cares of housekeeping, but unfortunately they too often result in the dissipation of the home atmosphere. In London there is a block called St. James Court, where after the tenant has secured apartments he may have servants supplied to order by the incorporated landlord and may have his meals furnished from a menu upon which the cost of each dish is specified.

It is difficult to see how this is different from living in a hotel or a boarding house. The occupant of a suite has to be sure of a private table, but that he could secure in any well-regulated hotel, and as for the lighting and heating which is furnished, that is supplied now in every well-arranged flat. The house steward in this new apartment house, through whom everything is ordered, appears to be little different from the janitor of an apartment on this side of the water, except that he superintends a kitchen and a laundry.

We are afraid there can be no substitute for good old-fashioned housekeeping with mother at its head, who takes a pleasure in overseeing domestic tasks, and whose children rise up and call her blessed. The nervous prostration of the day often comes from poor digestion, and many women would escape it if they had something to think of besides themselves in home duties and amid strictly home surroundings. The mind needs exercise as well as the body to preserve health, and a sluggish person is never happy. There is a great deal of wisdom in the aphorism, "Better wear out than rust out."

## The Strike Fever.

There is no knowing who the strike fever will next attack, and, perhaps, the school children will soon make a demand for shorter-day sessions and for longer vacations. The multi-millionaires who labor from dawn to dawn to enlarge their possessions or to keep what they have got already, have not yet joined a union whereby they may get a few hours rest, but there is no knowing what the future may develop in the way of alleviating their misery.

In the meanwhile we learn that certain wives of Chicago are clamoring for their rights, by asserting that ten hours daily of domestic service is all that should be required of them, even by the most exacting husbands. They claim that they are as good and as devoted a servant girl better than the servant girls, who are getting from seven to ten dollars a week, while poor, down-trodden creatures who wear the marriage ring, receive as compensation only their board, their clothes and a beggarly amount of pin-money, which does not allow them to purchase soda-water, ice-cream and candy to any enjoyable extent. And they endure this, though their husbands do not restrict their own expenditures in the matter of cigars and those mysterious



LOUISA M. ALCOTT.  
From a crayon by Stacy Tolman, now first produced.  
In "Boston Days," by Lilian Whiting.

conversations with the men that they go out to see, to say nothing of the matinee tickets which take them away from their business when they ought to be laboring for the support of their families. This housekeepers' union, if we have been informed correctly, insists on punctuality at meals, and if this rule is not complied with, the man who violates it must broil his own steak and turn over his own omelet. No excuse for late rising, owing to a long and exciting meeting at the club, will be accepted, and poker in the kitchen must be substituted for poker with the boys, for *pater familias* will be expected to make the fire when the servant girls go off in a huff because she cannot have every afternoon and evening off, with a chance to take a long nap after breakfast. And this is not all. He will be expected to help wash the dishes when the maid-of-all-work quarrels with the "missus" and may be asked to do a little on the side in the way of laundry-work.

There is no escape for him except in divorce, and it is doubtful if even in the Windy City a man could obtain a legal separation from his matrimonial partner because he was compelled to do his proper share of drudgery. Woman, lovely woman, cannot see why a man, who spends only a few hours in an office cutting coupons, should not take off his coat when he comes home at night and assist in putting the house to rights. He holds the deeds of it, and of course he should take care of his own property just as regularly as he winds his watch. The wives of Chicago have spoken. They have published their declaration of independence, which says that all women were born free and equal, and that in the course of human events the bonds that bind them to the household must be loosened, while those that hold men to the domestic hearth must be tightened. And the tyrants are trembling. They don't want to go home. They can't strike for their altars and their fires, for women hold the fort.

## Not a Renewed Outbreak.

The incident of the two cattle shipped from New York to Argentina and found on arrival to have foot and mouth disease, affords no ground for special fear. At the Boston offices of the cattle bureau it is stated that the case has been investigated, and it was learned that the two pure-bred bulls were from Indiana, and were sent via New York by former Minister Buchanan to the president of Argentina.

The cattle, of course, had no possible chance to have become infected before shipment, but they had the misfortune to be sent aboard a ship that had brought a cargo of hides from Argentina, where the foot and mouth disease has long prevailed. Evidently the hides infected the ship and also the two cattle taken for the return voyage. The incident illustrates the danger of importing such products as hide and wool from infected regions. It is not believed that the occurrence, annoying as it is, will affect the speedy removal of quarantine from New England ports.

Boston officials are expecting any moment to receive instructions abrogating the ban on all of the present restrictions. Cattle dealers and exporters have been growing very impatient the past fortnight over the long delay and the gradual loss of Boston's export trade. The situation has also helped to make milk cows scarce and high all through the Northeastern States. Many of the largest herds which have been destroyed have not been replaced, the owners preferring to wait for more favorable conditions.

## Complaints Against Colleges.

The late William C. Todd, the philanthropist, who gave so much away during his life to advance education and the well-being of the people in his will, which was probated last week, bequeaths the greater part of his estate to trustees of Mt. Holyoke College as a distinct permanent fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the education of needy young women.

Ignored the other New England colleges, because he has not in sympathy with their development, and was of the opinion that the students paid too much attention to athletics and out-door sports and too little to their studies. This is a common complaint of old-fashioned people, and perhaps there is a grain of truth in it, though not enough to prove that they are entirely in the right. Mr. Todd himself was a Dartmouth man, with a great admiration for Daniel Webster, the most distinguished graduate his college ever had, and the hardy students of that institution, did not see the necessity of muscular exercise. They had plenty of that before they entered upon their academic studies. Webster himself, although he was considered a delicate boy, must have laid up a good stock of health on his father's New Hampshire holding, for he was in mature life a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and delighted in agricultural pursuits on his Marshfield estate.

But the majority of young men who go to Harvard, Yale and other colleges nowadays are from cities and towns. They actually need physical exercise in order to insure a sound mind in a sound body, and baseball, football and rowing supply them with the means of preserving strength and health, which might be undermined by a too close application to books. Then, again, these pastimes afford an outlet for the restless spirit of youth which might exhibit itself in more questionable ways if there were not out-door sports to turn to as a relaxation.

The wild young men are not, as a general thing, to be found in the ranks of the college athletes, but among the youth who are too lazy to do anything but bet, and who have plenty of money to throw away. This class may not have existed when the "seniors" knocked about the freshman class of one at Harvard, but it has been in evidence for a hundred years, according to all accounts, and it is no larger proportionally now than it was in the old days when the students had to walk back to Cambridge after an evening of hilarious fun in Boston. Dartmouth in Mr. Todd's time may have been a sedate, sober college, though we have no doubt that a little New England rum was partaken of there on the sly, and no one, we believe, ever accused Webster, the godlike Daniel, of being a strict temperance man, who refused the nectar of Olympia. Mr. Todd was mistaken. The colleges are better than they were in his young manhood, with just as many poor youth working their way through them by hard work and close study in spite of the growth of the interest in athletics.

## The Religion of Friendship.

The baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon at Wellesley was an inspiring address which the graduates should lay well to heart. It was on "The Religion of Friendship," and the text, well chosen from John xv, 16, was, "But I have called you friends." On this subject Dr. Gordon dilated in a scholarly and impressive manner, and his remarks were listened to with the most profound attention by both alumni and students. The opening allusion to the affection existing between Jonathan and David, and the reference to the devoted love of Ruth for Naomi, were appropriate reminders of the friendships that are hallowed in sacred story, and which through the ages have helped to make poor, weak, struggling mankind unselfish through temptations and trials, doubt and deceit.

Christ, the speaker said, found in every human being a capacity for three great forms of friendship, beginning with the trusting admiration for those above them displayed by the young in their looking up to parents and teachers, and followed by a regard for the leaders of men who uplift humanity and exercise a civilizing power upon the world, broadening its intelligence and developing a love for the good, the true and the beautiful.

The friendship for those who are on the same level as ourselves, as exhibited by Jesus when he made the twelve disciples brothers, was next dwelt upon with rare eloquence, and it was luminously pointed out that friendship for our equals meant simply the discovery of God on the level of our own lives. Illustrations drawn from the intercourse between Goethe and Schiller, through which each man found the divine in the other, and the love of Thomas Carlyle for Edward Irving, that is embodied in the noblest utterance of Carlyle, his elegy for the untimely death of his friend, showed that the friendship of two kindred spirits was ennobling and heaven-born, and worthy of imitation.

But the third and most self-abetting and godlike form of friendship, according to the preacher, was that which led us to sympathize and enter into the life of those beneath us, sharing in their joys and sorrows, and cheering them with fraternal ministrations, thus entering into fellowship with all and joining the brotherhood of man, as did Eugene Field, when he became a child with children, and like Thomas Arnold, when at Rugby he was part of the daily existence of the boys whom he taught, and not simply their lord and master.

We have not attempted to reproduce Dr. Gordon's language, but simply to give in our own words a part of his generous message to the young, the conclusion of which was full of sweetness and light: "Take your capacity for friendship to the Master of the Christian world, and ask Him to interpret it. Go with Him, and He will teach you to revere, to enter, and to possess the God who comes to you from above. Keep close to Him, and He will teach you to do something more difficult—to enter and to hold in all reverence and gratitude the God who comes to you from the men and women who are about you, who are of your own time and who stand on your level. Keep close to Him, and He will carry you a step farther; He will teach you to look with awe and pity upon the sinful members of humanity, and through awe and pity to enter into the sense of the God who is in

the dark and terrible side of society."

It is well that the duty of friendship should be recalled and emphasized in an age when people are so selfishly and strenuously striving for power, riches and social position that they forget that friendship is "an attribute of God Himself" and that without it there is no true happiness on earth. We thank Dr. Gordon for his timely utterance.

## The Spread of American Ideas.

The triumphs of the Socialists in Germany do not represent the movements of men who are opposed to law and order, or that branch of Socialism that is near akin to anarchy or nihilism. The Socialists in question have no opposition to government when it does not interfere with the desires of the poorer people to obtain, through importation, the means of sustaining life, other than on the vegetarian system. Fresh meat used to come into Germany in large quantities, but the laws now forbid its introduction into the country from abroad except in whole carcasses. This cuts off the making of sausages, which are the staple form of meat on the German laborer's table, owing to the smallness of his income, and smoked and salt fish and oil are the principal articles of food that the moderate wage-earner can afford to buy outside of cereals and vegetables. The agrarians, of course, contend that these are sufficient to sustain existence, but the great mass of the working people are of a different opinion—hence their opposition to the privileged classes who have the means to buy whatever they like.

That the new socialistic movement will bring relief seems certain. The Kaiser is wise enough to use his influence to win for his poorer subjects the concessions they desire, for he does not wish to see wholesale emigration from the Fatherland and a state of discontent that might result in making many of his subjects genuine Socialists of the most offensive type. As it is, the Socialism represented in the Reichstag can hurt no one, and may result in benefit to the country by making the prosperous and well-to-do see clearly that all men are entitled to a share of what they consider the good things of the world. Besides, the Kaiser is just now unusually friendly with the United States, which represents notions of freedom that the less tolerant Germans do not endorse, and which they would hate to see make any advance.

There is one thing sure, and that is the continued spread of American ideas in Germany. The attention that is now being paid to our navy abroad means the increase of the spirit of true liberty everywhere, not the wild demoniac spirit that would destroy all law and order, but the kind that promotes social progress. The navy as a peace-maker at the present time is more potent than it has ever been as a destroyer, and the welcome that will be accorded our naval officers and warships in England will be even more enthusiastic than was the German greeting. Russia, in the not distant future, according to all accounts, will also do them fitting honor.

Our navy is worth all that it costs in maintaining our prestige abroad, and in showing the people at large what can be accomplished by free and independent citizens who govern themselves in a rational manner. It has, no doubt, given the Kaiser much food for thought, which ought to result in efforts on his part to secure the good of all his subjects, irrespective of rank and position. If he and other European rulers adopt American opinions concerning the rights of the governed, we shall hear less of the Socialism which destroys rather than builds up. In its mild exhibition, as shown in the German Reichstag recently, there can be no danger. They are merely protests against oppression, which should be heeded.

## Handling Bees.

In subduing bees with smoke, do not overdo the thing. If you smoke them for the purpose of removing honey from the super, do not drive the smoke in at the entrance; that will drive the bees from the brood-chamber to the super. The fewer bees you have to contend with in the super the better. Turn up one corner of the quilt and smoke from the top; this will drive the bees to the bottom of the hive, and you can then hold the nozzle of the smoker too close to the bees; by so doing I have more than once seen a novice singe the wings of the bees. Do not drive the smoke in as if you intended to heat a smelting furnace. There is reason in all things. "Enough is as good as a feast," is an old proverb. Always use a bee-veil in handling bees. By experience you will gain confidence. Even then always have your veil on your hat ready to protect your face should the bees suddenly become angered.

In handling or manipulating frames of brood or honey hold them with both hands, so that they may hang perpendicularly, otherwise you are liable to break the combs. Should you meet with such an accident with a brood-comb, if the parts will hang together, return it at once to the hive; the bees will very soon repair the damage. If it is completely severed, or a danger thereof, bring the broken edges together, so that the comb will be in its original position, and tie it there with narrow bits of tape. Return the comb to the hive, and after about twenty-four hours remove the tapes; it will be all right.

## Insect Pests.

A few weeks since there was reference to the presence in great numbers of the gypsy and brown-tail moths in the country round about Boston. The State of Massachusetts is certainly having great difficulty in getting rid of these pests.

The gypsy moth has cost large sums of money even to keep it from more widespread possession of territory. It is to be hoped that eventually this destructive enemy will be circumscribed and annihilated. This reference to existence of conditions in Massachusetts brings to mind the fact that here in northern Vermont, at least, we are now enjoying in a great measure an immunity from the usual insect pests of all kinds. There certainly must be some cause. Last winter there was a good deal of alternate freezing and thawing, and this might have had something to do with embryo insect life. Possibly the long period of dry weather of spring, following the winter, had also a deterring effect. But to whatever cause it is due, the fact remains of the unusual scarcity of all kinds of insects. There have as yet been very few of the common flies, and I have not seen or heard

of a mosquito. In the spring the apple tree worms nearly always make their appearance, and sometimes they are very destructive in the orchards. This year there are none. It is to be hoped their absence will have a beneficial effect on the quality of the fruit grown, as the trees must be more vigorous when let alone by these worms that sometimes will denude the whole tree of its foliage.

I have not yet seen a grasshopper in the fields, nor a striped bug in the garden, and it now looks as if we are this year to be exempt from at least this enemy of the vine; but possibly they may make their appearance later. There have been some of the buffalo or cattle flies, but they are very few when compared with the experience of former years.

We can hardly expect that we are thus gradually to get rid of these terrible pests, however desirable it might be, but we will be grateful for present immunity. I do not know whether this condition of things prevails to any great extent in the portions of the country subjected to the severe drought or not, but it would be a matter of interest to know the facts in the case.

Franklin County, Vt.

## Lively Farm Comment.

I sowed an acre of Japanese millet last spring, applying a light dressing of manure. It did not do very well, as the season was too cold and wet, and the land was not made rich enough. The cattle were very fond of it. I am trying it again this year, on richer ground, mixed with peas.—Erastus Lermond.

I wish to recommend to those whose soil and conditions are favorable to its growth, to plant large areas of corn, procured from the West, as the horses can do nearly all the labor and build silos. They will find their stock increasing in numbers and their farms increasing in fertility.—Charles L. Jones.

The Pewaukee apple is the greatest grower and one of the hardest that I know of for this section.—Millard H. Wiswell, Maine.

We have planted ten acres of sweet corn this year, and should lose largely on the fodder if it were not for the silos. We have harrowed our ground for corn quite well, some of it ten times, with a disk harrow and lap one-half. This harrowing was started early in the season. We planted this piece May 30, and the dirt was moist enough to stick some to the wheel, and it was not swampy land. The plow of the planter has turned up moist earth on all our pieces after the corn is planted, before it breaks ground, keeping a dust mulch, and shall keep working the ground until the corn is too large. We use a Tower two-horse cultivator, which does the whole work after the corn is too large to bury, except in witch grass.—C. H. Fuller, Maine.

You have also heard a good deal about corruption. Now, there is undoubtedly some truth in all this, but if a few have been corrupted it is only a sign that the great majority are honest. When a man says that the State of Rhode Island is rotten because a few men have been found who have sold their votes, he is drawing the wrong conclusion. A boy over here at Brown University might steal a barber's sign, but that is no indication that all the students have gone wrong, nor is there any more sense in charging the whole State with corruption because a few men have been known to sell their votes.—G. H. Utter, Western, R. I.

The Eastern farmer is getting in a bad way. He is willing to let his rights go and his chances to make money go if he can only be left undisturbed. The trusts and political rings have no terrors for him so long as they don't shake him up too much all of a sudden. I feel more free in criticizing the farmer, because I am a farmer myself, and it cannot be disputed that I have descended from a long line of farmers. What we need most is a little more "dynamite" in every one of us.—L. J. Farmer, New York.

## Late Fodder a Necessity.

Hungarian is very good if cut before it gets wiry. Cutting at this stage is very important, whether it is fed green or made for hay. We plant corn of some kind fairly early and then later on, and think this the best crop; none of the other crops can take its place. We like to have corn enough to feed as long as it will remain green, and have a good supply secured in some way for late fall or winter. Last of all comes barley, and we know of no other that will hold green so late that cows will relish so well, and it is a good milk producer for a feed so late in the season. By having a good supply of the above crops, we can get along quite well through the season. It is a necessity with us, as we are short of pasture.

ELIOTT FERNALD & SONS,  
York County, Me.

## Raise Paying Crops.

A man may be able to earn \$1 per day in raising corn at fifty cents per bushel, while corn in the market costs seventy-five cents per bushel. That shows well on its face, but could he have spent the same time raising some other crop that would have netted him \$3 per day, it would be profitable for him to buy corn. Seasons are limited, and so are men's powers of production, so let each farmer employ all his time in producing what will pay him the greatest daily wage, and exchange for what he needs.

OTIS D. WILSON.

Waldo County, Me.

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## Our Homes.

## If the Baby is Fat, Beware.

"Of course fat babies are not necessarily healthy babies!"

The deprecator of infant obesity above quoted is the visiting physician for two of the city's largest asylums for sick children, and was recently discussing the Lanet's objection to the prize baby contests to the fattest babies as a matter of course.

"You might almost as well award the prize of healthy men contests to the fat," he went on. "We have fat babies in both my hospitals and lots of 'em. As a matter of fact, whenever I see a fat man I say: 'Alcohol!' and in the same way when I see a fat baby, I say: 'patent baby food!'"

The havoc wrought by run in adult life is hardly a bit greater than that wrought among infants by the different laxative atrocities forced upon their unprotected stomachs.

"I don't mean to say that fat babies are never healthy, of course. But fatness in babies is merely incidental. It's the color of the skin and strength of bone that's the real criterion. Fat is the easiest thing in the world to produce and the most uncertainly beneficial. I have a case right now of a baby whose misdeeds of the nursery and child's hospital in Lexington avenue. No patent fatteners are fed to the patients under her guardianship. Modified milk for their. In her office are photographs of fat babies galore, each with its pathetic history. She keeps weigh charts of her patients. A normal baby, she says, should come into the world at seven pounds, should lose a few ounces the first week or so, and should go up to just twenty pounds within the year—the rate of increase being a little greater during the first six months than after.

Here the doctor untied a "sample" package, revealed a tin can concerning the contents of which as an infant fatterer the label was lurid with adjectives, and took a couple of tastes.

"Starchy, one-sugar, no real fat," he sputtered, in disgust. "A baby brought up on that would be all flabbiness, no bone, and a sufferer from rickets before the year was out. You can always tell a patented prize winner by its greasy, overfed pallor."

Another person in authority who objects to fatness as a criterion of healthy babyhood is the superintendent of the Nursery and Child's Hospital in Lexington avenue. No patent fatteners are fed to the patients under her guardianship. Modified milk for their. In her office are photographs of fat babies galore, each with its pathetic history. She keeps weigh charts of her patients. A normal baby, she says, should come into the world at seven pounds, should lose a few ounces the first week or so, and should go up to just twenty pounds within the year—the rate of increase being a little greater during the first six months than after.

## Why Razors Get Tired.

"Do you know why we dip a razor in warm water before we begin shaving, and do you know why some ignorant men say a razor is 'tired'?" asked the barber. "Well, this is all due to the fact that a razor is a saw, not a knife, and it works like a saw, not like a knife. Examined under the microscope, its edge, that looks so smooth to the naked eye, is seen to have innumerable and fine saw teeth. When these teeth get clogged with dirt all the honing and stropping in the world will do no good—the razor is dull, and nothing will sharpen it. Then is the time the ignorant say it is 'tired' and stop using it, but the wise know it is only clogged."

"The wise, though, don't suffer their razors to get clogged. They dip them in warm water before they use them, and thus the teeth are kept clean. It is because a razor is a saw that it is used on the beard. The latter doesn't soften the beard, so many people think; it stiffens it, so that it will present a firm and resisting surface to the razor."—Buffalo Express.

## Care of Furniture.

The care of furniture woods is an exceedingly interesting part of the intelligent housekeeper's duties. The daily light dusting must supplement the weekly rubbing if the "bloom," in this instance not desirable, is to be kept away.

As a rule, the use of oily restoratives is to be deprecated, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. Unions applied by a tireless arm and thoroughly rubbed in, and thereafter the piece kept in perfect polish by a daily rubbing, the oil is sure to form a crust sooner or later which is gummy to the touch and not pleasing to the eye. For this reason new furniture should be kept as long as possible without the application of such restoratives.

Furniture which has been finished with shellac or varnish, whether in glossy or dull finish, should never be cleaned with soap or water. Soap is made to cut oily substances, and in the performance of its service for which it is made eats the oil out of the waxed, oiled or shellacked surface it touches and destroys it.

Where white spots appear on polished surfaces from the dropping of liquids or from heat, the immediate application of raw linseed oil will generally restore the color. The oil should be left on the affected spot for several hours or over night. Alcohol will perform the service of a solvent at once to the wood or highly finished mahogany. In each instance, when the color has returned, the surface should be repolished with a piece of cheesecloth moistened with turpentine.

## How to Resuscitate the Drowned.

At a meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, held at 20 Hanover square, London, recently, Professor Schaffer read the report of the committee (of which he was chairman) appointed to consider the physiological phenomena attending asphyxia produced by the entry of water into the lungs, and those which accompany recovery in apparent death by drowning. The report described at some length the principles of the methods which might be used in artificial respiration in man. These are of three kinds: (1) Traction—enlarging the chest by raising the ribs, that is Silvester's traction method of dragging the arms forward and upwards; (2) compression, by pressure on the walls of the thorax, thus squeezing air out of it, and allowing fresh air to pass in; and (3) the mechanical driving of air through the air passages into the lungs. This third method was neglected in the experiments as not being generally applicable in most instances of apparent death from drowning. Experiments had been carried out on five medical men and physiologists to determine the quantity of air passed into and out of the lungs. The results had been carefully tabulated, no less than ten methods of inducing artificial respiration being used, all modifications or combinations of the traction and compression processes. It was apparent that all the methods employed were competent to effect the oxygenation of the blood by an exchange of air. The committee drew attention to the amount of air movement obtained when the subject was placed face downward or on his side, and both traction and pressure employed, and

advised that the rolling method, and the still simpler plan of placing the subject face downward and using regular intermittent pressure upon the back should occupy a prominent place in all recommendations made with the view of the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. From experiments on dogs it was clear that the presence of water in the lungs after death was not to be expected, the fluid exuding from a cut lung being blood serum. Another striking fact was the length of time immersion might last—in one case eight minutes—and yet be followed by complete recovery. There was little difference in the results obtained from the experiments carried on in fresh and salt water. As one of the most marked physiological symptoms of death from any form of asphyxia was the extreme lowering of blood pressure, it has been hoped that injections of adrenalin would be of service. The experiments established the fact that such injections could only be beneficial in cases where the blood was efficiently aerated, otherwise the effect was only temporary, deferring the inevitable result for a brief period.—London Standard.

## Beds and Bedding.

All good housekeepers like to have their beds as dainty and comfortable as possible, and when we consider that at least one-third of one's time is spent in bed, its comfort is important from a sanitary point of view. The best (and most expensive) mattresses are those filled with hair and made in two sections so they are more easily handled. The coil wire springs are comfortable, and, unlike those having a wooden frame, do not become a harbor for bugs. The old-time feather beds that our grandmothers thought indispensable are becoming scarce, although in some households they still hold an honored place.

Considerable care is required to keep a bed clean. Mattress covers are a great help. They are made the size and shape of the mattress, and just large enough to slip over it. Hem both sides of one end, work six or eight buttonholes in the hem on one side and put the buttons on the other side to correspond with them. This can be taken off and washed when necessary, and keeps the mattress clean. Quilts and blankets require frequent washing to keep them clean, and are seldom neglected as much as the feather pillows. Many housekeepers use them for years, changing the tick for a new one when it is badly soiled, but seem to have no idea that the feathers need cleaning. Others dread the task because they do not know how to do it, and put it off from time to time. A very simple and effective way to wash pillows is to prepare a strong suds by dissolving goldust washing powder in hot water. Put it in a washing machine, filling it about half full, put on pillow in a time and rub it vigorously for fifteen minutes. Uncover the wringer until it is quite loose and run the pillow through it. If it is too large for that, let two persons wring or press the water out. Rinse through two clear hot waters and hang in the shade where a brisk breeze is blowing. Shake the pillow frequently while it is drying. This will keep the feathers from packing and make them light and fluffy. Feather beds may be washed in the same way, and are cleaner than when renovated by steam.

Heavy mattresses spread give the bed a handsome appearance, but they are easily soiled, and for that reason many good housekeepers prefer spreads of lighter weight, for frequent washing is absolutely necessary for anything that is used about the bed.

E. J. C.

## Highest Wind Record.

Point Reyes, an important United States weather bureau and storm signal station, located on the California coast some thirty-five miles north of San Francisco, holds the world's record for high, strong, continuous winds.

Last year Point Reyes captured this honor from the weather stations of the earth, and again this month (May) has gone several notches higher on the meteorological scale. On May 18, 1902, the wind at Point Reyes attained a velocity of 102 miles an hour, and for several minutes was rushing along at an furious rate of 120 miles per hour. A fearful gale lasted for three whole days, and at one time the winds in a playful mood ripped the cups from the anemometer.

This year, on May 14, the winds commenced to blow again with the greatest violence. For four days the velocity registered averaged more than sixty miles an hour. For nine days the average velocity was fifty-two miles an hour. The total number of miles recorded on the anemometer was 11,223 miles.

This is the highest velocity of wind for the time on record in the world.—Note and Query.

## Character in Cats.

In speaking of the putting of cats on canvas, a painter of them recently said: "They are, without doubt, one of the most difficult creatures to paint, and lamentably few artists make a success of their portraits. They are almost impossible to keep quiet, and the particular fluffy 'cattness' of their coats is far from easy to depict in pigments. The famous cat painters are few, and when chosen or discovered one, he, or more often she, finds the gift a mine of wealth."

In David Brooke's well-known picture of the dark preacher at dinner, in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, the cat in the foreground could be induced to sit still only by having her feet glued to the floor. But satisfactory results as to expression, in which a cat's face can be particularly eloquent, are not to be secured in this way. Those who have had reason to know say that even the fur of felines is indicative of several things. In health and contentment it stands out fluffily from the bodies, while in fear or displeasure it lies flat and lankly to the skin.

"Not long since a picture was placed on exhibition of a cat lapping milk, with its tail held high. Though the technique was good and the fur really 'furry,' the value of the whole was practically nil because no cat has ever been known to eat with its tail in the air. With waving tails they do indeed rush toward the food, but with the first lap or bite down goes the caudal appendage lower and lower until with a full stomach it sweeps the ground. In the case of young kittens it is often different, however. They scramble into a dish of milk with their pointed rodlike tails at right angles to their roly-poly bodies and sometimes forget to take down the sign of animation and alertness. Any one who knows cats knows that the tail at every angle and with every movement is expressive of some definite emotion.

"Contrary to the general belief, I have found that cats can be trained as easily as dogs and form the same habit of following one about. My big black Tom had gone everywhere with me since his kitten days; long tramps in the woods, coaching tours,

pleno—no journey proves too hard for him. Once when we were starting on a fishing trip I looked him up, quite securely as I thought, supposing, of course, that he would not enjoy the uncertain motion of the boat or the inevitable wetness of the surroundings. But at the last moment he came bounding down the stairs and, having established himself on the cushion in the stern, evidently prepared to take fisherman's luck with the rest of us. He showed no sign of fear as long as we were around. He enjoyed the minnows that fell to his share, and since then the collection of rods and tackle is a sign for him to trot off happily to where the boats are moored. He has now become quite an experienced sport, watching the water keenly for the rippling tail of 'bites,' and cooling his shiny black head excitedly on this side and that as the line grows taut and the rod curves in the struggle. His joy knows no bounds when the victim is landed at last, and he runs from one to another purring and rubbing his back against any projecting hand or foot, apparently in an ecstasy of congratulation. Some one frivolously suggested that my black beauty reposed or revelled the soul of a complete angler, and since then he has been like to his numerous friends and acquaintances.

"All our cats endure the discomforts of the enforced travels of the household in very philosophic fashion. We have three, and they are now scarcely considered as other than members of the family. They dine as politely as we do ourselves—the white Persian beauty with great blue eyes, the big maltese and coal-black like. Their little polished tails and leather-upholstered chairs stand in the window of the dining room, and each of them takes their places and wait patiently for the maid after she has served our table, eating with the utmost neatness and daintiness such delicacies as are put upon their plates. They will not touch their food, no matter how hungry they are, unless it is cut into small bits, and there was a time when the Angora would even then walk away from his plate in disdain unless I seated myself near him and appeared to take interest in his meal.

"My husband had a devoted cat a few years ago, who used to meet him at a certain lamp post near the house every evening on his return. She would escort him home with many manifestations of joy and sit under his chair while he dined, waiting to receive her dinner from his hand. One winter a business trip took him away from the city for several weeks. Nights of fruitless watching at the lamp post, her restless places, and her listless waiting followed by listless days, when she would eat scarcely anything. She would sit under his empty chair at meal times and sniff dejectedly at the most appetizing morsels. At last she seemed to give up hope, or else her weakness prevented her from walking so far, and the lamp post knew her no more. Toward the end of the third week and just a day before my husband returned she died of grief and starvation.

"We are all passionately fond of cats, and a portrait painter to their majesties. I necessarily see a great many phases of their character. They love me at first sight, it seems, and I am often able to pose a nervous cat as even its owner is unable to do. I like to make new acquaintances in catdom, and my models and sitters are always on the best of terms with me. Loving all their kind so dearly I really think I can get some of their 'real' selves, their personality, into their funny furry faces. At any rate, I know how I would like my cat to be put upon canvas and I try to make glad the hearts of cat lovers by doing the same for their precious possessions."

This portrait painter to their feline majesties then told of an indolent pussy who got into the habit of sleeping in the baby's cradle, enjoying the motion. As the baby grew older it was a regular thing for her to rock the cat to sleep, and sometimes, when two naps a day were desired, and the small girl grew tired, pussy would climb up and contentedly rock himself, balancing with his forepaws on the side rail, and purring ecstatically.

"I don't think cats ever forget an injury and seldom forgive one," continued the artist. "They have a great deal of dignity and keenly resent being laughed at. On the whole, I don't believe the respect which the old Romans, and more especially the Egyptians, had for the feline family was so very much misplaced after all."—New York Tribune.

## Domestic Hints.

## TOMATO CUSTARD.

Tomato custards may be served with canned tomatoes, but the fresh vegetable is preferred. To each cupful of chopped raw tomatoes allow one egg. Simmer the tomatoes with an onion, a bay leaf and a sprig of parsley for fifteen minutes. Press through a sieve. Add water if there is not enough liquid to fill two cups. Beat the eggs separately, and stir all the ingredients together, adding salt and pepper. Pour into custard cups and bake in a pan containing hot water, just as other custards are treated. A sliced white loaf, which is set at regular intervals around the founce. The waists are buttoned in the back and the fallness is made by four groups of tucks on the shoulders. The diamond-shaped pieces of white linen are used in the decoration of the bodice and the sleeves.

## FRIED TOMATOES.

Cut the tomatoes in medium thick slices and fry in butter and drippings, or better still, in the best olive oil, until they are brown, but not until they fall to pieces when touched. Lift to a hot dish, a flat one, and dust with salt and pepper. Into the gravy in the spider pour half a cupful of cream, stir quickly and pour over the tomatoes.

## FRIED SHOT-SHELL CRABS.

Procure six good-sized, live, soft-shelled crabs, cleanse and wash them well, oil the slightly, three crabs of black velvet baby ribbons, and season with a pinch of salt and half a pinch of pepper. Put them on the broiler and broil for five minutes on each side. Have six pieces of toast ready, lay a crab on top of each, slightly glaze them with a little melted butter, and serve.

## FILLETS OF HARE LARDED, WITH POIVRADE SAUCE.

If the hares used for this purpose are full grown, they will suffice; they must be filleted and each fillet split into halves; these should be trimmed and larded and placed in a curve at the bottom of a sautéed with this layer of fat bacon. Moisten with some mirepoix, place a round of buttered paper upon the fillets and set them in the oven to simmer for twenty minutes, frequently basting them with their own liquor. When they are nearly done, remove the paper, dry the larding and glaze it; drain the fillets upon a napkin, trim and dish them up in a close circle, pour some Poivrade, tomato or Italian sauce under them, and serve. These fillets may also be garnished in the same way as directed for fillets of rabbit.

## GOOSEBERRY MARMALADE.

Use three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Put the sugar and fruit in layers in a preserving kettle. Heat very slowly, and season with a pinch of salt and half a pinch of juice. Simmer very gently until it is a thick mass. It must be stirred frequently, and cooked until the skins are perfectly tender. Seal in tumbblers like jelly.

## STRAWBERRY SYRUP.

Boil a cup of fresh strawberry juice (obtained as in making jelly) with a cup of sugar to a thick syrup; cool, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour into a sauceboat. Serve icy cold with such portions of Red raspberries, cherries, peaches, grapes, quinces, in fact, any kind of fruit, may be used for these delicious syrups, affording opportunity for unlimited variety. It

is an excellent plan to make and bottle these syrups in season, using preferably bottles that are small enough to hold only sufficient for one serving. However, the juice of canned fruit may be used when fresh fruit is not available, but allow only half a cup of sugar to a cup of juice.—Good Housekeeping.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

Barle De preserves are a universal favorite, and are served at many dinners and luncheons. With them go Philadelphia cream cheese and wafers. The way to serve is to have small, fancy plates on the table before each guest, and then pass one or two pots of the preserves on a tray with the biscuits and cheese.

Now is the proper time to make strawberry-fruit juice for winter use. Red raspberries, cherries, peaches and other fruit may be treated in the same way. Extract the juice of the fruit as in making jelly. Add a cup of sugar to each cup of juice, and boil together for a few moments. A little lemon juice is recommended, but may be omitted. Bottle in small jars, as it does not keep long after opening.

Wall paper comes now with cotton hangings to make bedrooms are charmingly fitted for the two. The chintz curtains and bedspreads are finished simply with old-fashioned white ball fringe.

To clean a glass decanter, put into it a few lumps of soda and a spoonful of vinegar. Shake well, but leave the top open, or the decanter may burst. Rinse with clear water and turn down to drain.

A little ammonia slightly diluted makes a capital cleanser for a greasy coat collar. Velvet covers may be treated in the same way, and the trouble of holding close to a hot iron as soon the cleaning operation is completed.

Afflictions of the feet are especially distressing in spring and early summer to those who are obliged to be much on them. The troubles are due, as so many suppose, to tight or ill-fitting shoes, but to the excessive exercise of the feet in close shoes without free access of the air to the muscles in action. The barefooted foot is seldom footsore, but the bad shoes that are laced in close shoes in winter, when the perspiration is abundant, is likely to be a sufferer. One of the remedies for this trouble is to wear low shoes, so that the feet may be partially ventilated. Next in importance to proper ventilation is proper bathing. All persons ought to bathe and rub their feet vigorously once a day, and put on fresh stockings. Stockings may be aired one day for the next. It is not always necessary that the feet be put through water every day. Simply drying and airing them may be enough. Thus two or three pairs of stockings worn in rotation for a week. Persons who suffer from excessive perspiration of the feet should be especially particular. They should bathe their feet in cold water, rubbing alcohol between the toes, and powder the feet after drying with equal parts of orris root and starch. When a person suffers from cold feet, frequent bathing is often efficacious, but the feet ought to be rubbed vigorously after the bath.

The cut lemon is recommended strongly to the summer girl for her toilet. Let her never be without it. Though rugged in feeling and heroic in its effect upon the skin, it is the best assistant a woman can have, and by its daily use small spots and blemishes are removed as fast as they appear. All stains should be taken off when here and there. In some instances the deeper in color and harder and harder to get out if left on for any length of time.

"Handbooks," not "pocketbooks," the newest purses ought to be called. They are rather long and broad, the handle extending far enough over the future card and bill pockets to allow the furniture men call in a draw, a "clutch." It is simply a crescent cut from the leather on both sides of the back through which to bend the fingers. There is no catch of any kind.

## Fashion Notes.

"Morning gowns of wash silk are among the novelties that are being imported. They are very simply made, with plaited skirts and shirt waists, or else shirred or gathered. Very little trimming is used."

"The full skirt is certainly coming back. A few gowns are being made with long straight skirts gathered all around the waist line and falling in full folds to the feet in some cases. Line skirts are a very uncertain quantity this season, and the economical woman who expects to wear some of her gowns another summer or into autumn is at a loss how to have them cut. The light skirt, flaring at the bottom, the ruffled skirt, the draped skirt, the sun plaited, the tucked, and now the full skirt all seem equally correct. The probabilities are that some form of fullness will soon banish the sheath effect to which we have become accustomed. It will be in buying handsome gowns to look at, and a yard or two of material, to permit of alterations later."

"Among dainty accessories to the toilette are many scarfs, scarves and capes, but none prettier than the plain long scarfs of liberty gauze which come in a variety of delicate colors, blue, green and black and white. These scarfs, although a yard or more in length, are so fine that they fold up in very small space. A black one for mourning has a border on all sides of black marabout feathers."

"The one-neck waist is so popular, or will be as soon as the belated summer allows its wear, that some kind of light shawl or scarf is a necessity. Fortunately the woman who possesses an old Chinese silk shawl, with its heavy silk fringes, which are capable of such delicate variety of clinging lines. This silk shawl has been painted in a number of famous portraits. Next to a silk shawl, the light knitted shawl sold on some of the shopping streets by dark-eyed Armenian women are very pretty. They are beautifully made and moderate in price."

"A simple gown of pale pink linen of a light weight is made with a tight-fitting skirt to the knee, finished with a shaped flounce. The only trimming are diamond-shaped pieces of hem-stitched white linen, which are set at regular intervals around the founce. The waists are buttoned in the back and the fallness is made by four groups of tucks on the shoulders. The diamond-shaped pieces of white linen are used in the decoration of the bodice and the sleeves."

"For tiny girls are shown the quaintest of granny bonnets in fine leghorn and lace straw. One of these has a leghorn crown and a fluted poke brim of imported hair braid. A band of blue velvet baby ribbons is fastened at the back and is fastened at each side with a small rosette of the ribbon. A great bunch of bluish roses, a few of them rather deeper in tone, is arranged to fall over the left ear of the wearer. Two or three bunches of black velvet baby ribbons are introduced among the roses, and the bonnet has very long strings of pale-pink flowered ribbon."

"Another of these bonnets is of green satin straw and has the inside of the poke brim lined with loose puffings of pale green silk mull, which appears in the back as a short, loose scarf. There are no strings to this bonnet, and almost the only decoration is a cluster of youthful-looking pink roses on the side of the crown."

"The faded for Oriental effects is increasing. Eerie linen suits are trimmed with Oriental girds and gallions, and even with bits cut out of old Oriental embroideries, the older and more the better. On the bazaar tables of the largest rug and other Eastern importations establishments may sometimes be picked up choice bits for a mere trifle. Purchased in the piece their value would be high."

"A handsome coat of black net is mounted over a white silk lining, and is trimmed with long strips of white and black tulle. These in turn being lavishly trimmed with jet. The craze for jet, which is at its height in Paris at present, is beginning to be felt here. Dog collars of fine jet beads have already been introduced, and long ropes of jet ending in tassels are almost as costly. Jet trinkets will be very popular next winter, it is prophesied."

"A biege cloth coat is out to hang very loosely from the shoulders, and the loose sleeves being scarcely distinguishable from the folds of the garment. The back has two box plaits. Collar and revers are of white cloth, the latter outlined with small dull gold buttons. The buttons appear on the front, and the sleeves are finished with small gold buttons. The fashion for the next season, say the importers, will be more. Already it is fashionable in Europe, and American fashions have placed immense orders for it. Mole skin makes up well and wears as well as squirrel, while in effect it

is far handsomer. It has a rich, shaded look, changing from light to dark, making it both handsome and becoming. Ermine will be almost twice as expensive as it was last winter, but catch having been very small, and the demand for it very large."

"It is too bad that the dyed pongees will not stand the sun. Almost all the delicate, pastel shades are said to fade rapidly when worn in bright sunshine. This is to be deplored, as these colored pongees are, in many women's eyes, quite the most beautiful silk fabrics that have been produced this year. A reseda green pongee which the wearer's friends consider a distinct success, has a sun-plaited skirt with several rows of insertion above the hem of Cluny lace. The pattern of the lace is accented here and there with black. The bolero waist has bands of the Cluny for a border, and a band of the lace in lieu of a collar. The jacket opens over a beautiful lingerie waist, the usual indescribable mass of tucks, insets and fagoting. The sleeves of the jacket are plaited and reach only to the elbow, where they are gathered into a cuff of the Cluny lace."

"A suit of shepherd's plaid taffeta is made with a light yoke, panel front, and the back and sides plaited. The long coat has a plaited skirt attachment from the waist, and is collarless. The sleeves are very large at the wrists, and are finished in a flaring cuff of black taffeta. The belt and neck band are also of black taffeta, and the dress is heavily stitched wherever stitching is allowed for, in alternate bands of black and white. The severity of the costume is relieved by the blouse and hat, which are light blue in color, and airy in texture."

"In England women are wearing shoes to match the costume in color, whenever this is practicable. In rich dark green, with oxidized buckles, royal blue, mauve of a dark shade, and red, with stockings to match, they would look odd to American eyes—that is, until they were pronounced the correct thing."

"A girl of twelve rarely wears a separate skirt waist gracefully. The figure is too undeveloped, and the waist too indefinite. One of the best styles yet devised is a skirt with broad pinfold straps springing from the belt and passing over the shoulders. The straps are shaped and extend under the arms, forming a sort of a bodice. Within this dress is worn a separate skirt waist of linen or silk in contrasting color or matching the dress."

"The shortening of the skirt means the passing of the full sleeve. The two cannot artistically exist together. A Paris letter in one of the leading fashion magazines says: 'We are going towards the full godet skirt and the leg of mutton sleeve, and meanwhile we have reached a stage where the tight-fitting cuff comes to the elbow, and the full balloon continues from elbow to shoulder.' It is a comfort to know that there is a future when dining will be accomplished without the constant apprehension of ruining one's sleeves."

"Cloth and chiffon seem an incongruous combination, yet they are occasionally made to harmonize perfectly. A plum-colored cloth gown is described, with bodice and voluminous sleeves of chiffon of the same shade, both being trimmed with applications of leaves formed of the cloth. Plum color, by the way, is to be much seen in the autumn. It is one of the colors peculiarly suited to be worn with rich-hued autumn. Like brown and crimson, it tones in with the season."

"The floral sash is one of the novelties. Usually, it is merely a soft ribbon or silk muslin affair, with sprays of dainty flowers sewed on behind, and the ends are tucked under the waist. It is really garlanded with roses or violets. These sashes are for very young girls' evening wear."—N. Y. Evening Post.

## The World Beautiful.

Lillian Whiting, in Boston Budget.

"At some future day it will be proved—I cannot say when and where—that the human soul is, while in earth-life, already in an uninterrupted communication with those living in another world; that the human soul can act upon those beings, and receive, in return, impressions from them without being conscious of it in the ordinary personality."—Immanuel Kant.

"All progress in mechanics is toward simplicity. The last discovery brings us always to the revelation of our own interior powers and makes the coarser instrument a superfluous."—

"Unless some insight is gained into the physical side of things, some communications realized with intelligences outside our own, some truth thrown upon a more than corporeal descent and destiny of man, it would seem that the shells to be picked up on the shore of the ocean of truth will ever become scarcer, and the agnostics of the future will gaze forth ever more hopelessly on that gloomy and unrecognizable sea. For vast as is the visible universe, infinite as may have been the intelligence that went to its evolution, yet while viewed in the external way in which we alone can view it—while seen as a product of matter, and not as a product of the mind—its use as an indefinite number of universal laws. Such cosmic generalizations as gravitation, evolution, correlation of forces, conservation of energy, though assuredly as yet unexamined, cannot, in the nature of things, be even approximately inexhaustible."—F. W. H. Myers.

The entire trend of progress is toward the continued discovery of finer cosmic forces and their utilization in practical affairs. Within the past five years this tendency has strikingly demonstrated itself. The evolution of the ways and means of travel offers, in itself, an impressive illustration of this tendency. The visitor to the Musée Cluny in Paris will find, among the masses of relics of an historic past, the state carriages used in the time of Louis XV. and Marie Antoinette. They are incredibly clumsy and gigantic—the carriage itself mounted on four great wheels, two of which are very large, with the two front ones smaller, and the entire vehicle would occupy about twice the space of a modern conveyance, and its weight must be something to reckon with. Several of these are standing in the Cluny and offer a strange contrast with the carriages of today. But when these, with their lumbering motion, are contrasted, not merely with the modern carriage, but with the flying automobile, one realizes, indeed, the evolution in the methods of local transportation."

Again, let one compare the traditions of the sailing vessels on which passengers crossed to Europe within the memory of men still living—the forty days passage between Boston and Liverpool which is well within the memory of Dr. Hale—with the passage on this latest floating palace of the ocean, the Kaiser Wilhelm II., and he realizes how far science has penetrated into the more subtle forces, when lightness and speed take the place of clumsy device and slow motion. To go up to the hurricane deck of the wonderful Kaiser Wilhelm and look down through the openings on the six mighty engines, with their intense throbs of vibration day and night, is to behold an object lesson in the possibilities of motion. With the precision and the persistence of fate, the great beams fly up—and down. The vibration pervades the entire vast spaces of the great steamer. It becomes like an electric current, a thing of life, to be mislead when one leaves the steamer as if one had left there a part of his own life. There is an exhilaration in it that communicates itself to mind and body. It is like a dynamo generating vitality. And still, more swift and subtle methods of locomotion are in the air. Dr. Albertson, an electrical engineer of the Royal University of Denmark, has an invention for a railroad train without wheels to make a speed of three hundred miles an hour. "Two things defeated the attainment of speed above the present maximum (sixty miles an hour)," says a writer in the New York Herald, "the dead weight of the train and aerial resistance."

Now comes the announcement that,

**A definition**  
**"Painkiller,"**  
 a  
 sure cure for Cramps, Colic,  
 and all Stomach Complaints.  
 There is but one Painkiller,  
 Perry Davis'.  
 From the people's dictionary.

there has been discovered a method of abolishing the dead weight of the train, leaving only aerial resistance to be contended with. If this can be done, as Mr. Albertson asserts, half of the battle is won, and the world may yet be able to travel on the earth's surface with the much-dreamed-of speed of hundreds of miles an hour. For many years the great principle of magnetism has been known to electricians and used in practical work by laymen. Steel companies have found the magnet useful in lifting huge metal girders. At one end of their lifting apparatus they have placed a magnet which when charged grips the steel bars and lifts them, no matter how great their weight. It has been noticed that a magnet would move to come in contact with the steel bar as soon as it arrived within the drawing radius, carrying any amount of weight with it, which happened to be attached at the time.

"It is this principle which Dr. Albertson sought to make use of—the lifting power of a magnet when attracted to a fixed rail of steel. He arranged a series of magnets under a miniature car running on a steel railway track. The magnets were insulated and attached to the bottom of the car so that they came under the rail and about an inch below it. Then he turned on enough electricity to make the magnets active. They rose upward toward the rail, lifting the car bodily in the air. The weight of the train was thus simply overcome."

The electro-magnetic train has demonstrated its principle to the satisfaction of scientific engineers. Professor Roberts, in charge of the chemical works at Niagara Falls, says of it:

"It is the electrical discovery of the age and so simple in application that the marvel is that it has escaped us so long. The lightning power of magnetism has been known for years, the greatest saving power to overcome gravity, but it seems it had to wait for Dr. Albertson to discover it."

The Delaware and Lackawanna road has become practically interested, and a working trial will soon be made on Martha's Vineyard.

The air ship promises to eclipse the greatest and swiftest of latter-day steamers. The air, rather than the ocean, is to be navigated.

All these marvelous developments in scientific activity correspond to the developments of man's mental and spiritual powers. Telepathy established, as wireless telegraphy from spirit to spirit, as wireless telegraphy establishes its sending of messages without visible means. On both planes—the physical and the psychical—the subtle and finer forces are being utilized, and the horizon line of the unknown continually recedes before the progress of man.

Steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II., at Sea.

## Popular Science.

"The curious habit of carrying a live sea anemone in each of its two claws is ascribed to the Mella, a genus of small crabs of the Maldivian Archipelago. M. Borradaile states that the crabs were too frail for use in defence, and it is not clear whether the anemones are held as a means of



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Colic,  
Complaints,  
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Dysentery,  
Diarrhoea,  
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# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

**DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, CHOLERA MORBUS.**

A half a teaspoonful of Radway's Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious fevers and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Sold by druggists.

**RADWAY & CO., 55 ELM ST. N. Y.**

## Poetry.

**A RONDEAU.**  
I flirt a fan, whenever I wish to seem  
As if my life were but a golden dream,  
And, hand and smile, and look in worlding's eyes,  
Wrapping my soul in a profound disguise;  
And oft, while listening to some frivolous theme,  
Sudden, like lightning, cross my heart will stream  
The awful memory of some past supreme;  
Then, set to hide the whimpering agonies,  
I flirt a fan.  
I watch the faces passing, for a gleam  
Flashed from some happy heart, that I may deem  
Knows nought but joy; then ponder, is it wise  
To look too deep who dwell in Gulf of sighs?  
Scorning, yet vain to hold the world's esteem,  
I flirt a fan.

**MRS. WHITTON-STONE.**

## GOOD COUNTRY TO LIVE IN.

The German emperor and I  
Within the self-same year were born,  
Beneath the self-same sky,  
Upon the self-same shore;  
A Kaiser he, of high estate,  
And I the usual child of fate.

His father was a prince; and mine—  
Why, just a farmer, that is all.  
Stars still are stars, although some shine,  
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;  
But argue, cavil all you can,  
My sire was just as good a man.

The German emperor and I  
Eat, drink and sleep the self-same way;  
For bread is bread, and pie is pie,  
And kings can eat but thrice a day,  
And sleep will only come to those  
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,  
And he at five and does the same,  
We both have cares we cannot shrink;  
Mine are for loved ones, his for fame.  
He may live best, I cannot tell;  
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he;  
And yet, I picture do not err,  
As far as human sight can see,  
Mine is by long odds twice as fair.  
Say, would I trade those eyes dark brown?  
Not for an empress and her crown.

And so the emperor and I  
On this one point can never agree;  
His frau suits him and mine suits me,  
And though his sons one day may rule,  
Mine stands A 1 in public school.

So let the Kaiser have his sway,  
Bid kings and nations tumble down,  
I have my freedom and my say,  
And I fear no ruler's crown;  
For I, unknown to fame or war,  
Live where each man is emperor.

**—Boston Globe.**

## A SAFE RULE.

It is not a bad plan to do all that you can  
In your chosen particular line,  
And if progress is slow and there is little to show  
For your work not to wimper and whine.  
It is better to creep than fall short in a leap,  
You will come out all right if you stay;  
You are bound to succeed if this warning you heed—  
Keep pegging away.

Perhaps once in a while you will see a man pile  
Up a fortune in no time—that's true;  
You'll observe that he's stuck in a rich streak  
Of luck.  
And you'll think that might happen to you,  
But if you would advance you must not trust to chance;

You will find as a rule it won't pay;  
Just as slow, steady pace is the best in life's race—  
Keep pegging away.

If you're willing to climb just a step at a time,  
You are more apt to get to a time,  
There is a man a stroke to the fall of an oak,  
And the stone is worn through drop by drop.  
It's a proverb that haste is conducive to waste,  
And that Rome was not built in a day.  
If you don't go too fast you will get there at last—  
Keep pegging away.

**—Chicago News.**

## THE WAY OF LIFE.

When way worn with the common round  
Of daily tasks so burdensome,  
And when the self-same way leads on,  
Through all the days and years to come,  
Our hearts grow weary of the strife  
Where gloom doth always shadow cheer,  
And beat so slowly to the words:  
"The way of life—how long and drear!"

But when we watch the setting sun,  
Or walk among the harvest sheaves,  
Or listen to the tolling bell,  
What time a passing spirit leaves,  
The radiance of God's great love,  
By which He claims us for His own,  
Breaks over all the pathway drear—  
"The way of life leads to His throne."

**—Mary B. Fowler, in the Christian Advocate.**

## THE WANDERERS.

"As a bird that wandereth from his nest,  
So is man that wandereth from his place."—Prov., vii. 23.

What is the call the birds hear  
Too subtle for our ken?  
What hail comes to the falcon deer  
From distant brake or fen?  
Is it the song that soft and clear  
Goes out to wandering men?

What is the call that minds the bird  
Of its long race and quest?  
Is it upon the echoes blurred  
By vagrant breeze caressed,  
Just as the singing, voiceless word,  
Which tells men "Home is best?"

What puts the music in the call  
Which comes to them afar—  
By mountain side or city wall,  
"Nesth place or dearest?"  
The music that bids one and all  
Turn where the home things are?

None knows the mystic call which comes  
To man and bird and beast,  
As waking as throbbing drums  
When warfare long has ceased—  
Insistently it sings and thrums  
To great ones and the least.

It may be but a rustling tree  
Which sings its life away;  
It may be that the singing sea  
The summons softly weaves;  
But what and howsoever it be,  
The call each one receives.

It is the melody divine,  
The music of the spheres,  
That, clear in cadence, faint and fine,  
Comes sweetly to our ears—  
A song of infinite design  
Through God's unnumbered years.

**—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.**

## Miscellaneous.

### Last Cruise of the Mary Ann.

Capt. Eliza Hopewell of the Mary Ann of Salem had been repairing and repainting and making his craft ready for a voyage to London and return. The year was 1786, and boy and man he had been sailing for over thirty years.

Although he had owned and commanded the Mary Ann for ten years, she was by no means a new craft when he got her. In making repairs he had found many signs of weakness, and as he finished his day's work and started for home his knees were stiff and his back ached.

He reached his house to find his wife, Nancy, and supper waiting for him, and as he took his seat at the table he looked at her critically and for the first time noticed that there were gray hairs among the brown on her head.

"Eliza, have you lost your jack-knife or heard that your brother was dead?" he asked.

"No," he answered, and followed the word with a sigh.

"Mebbe ye are comin' down with measles. Your mother says ye never had 'em as a boy."

"Mebbe I am," he gloomily replied.

Nancy waited for three minutes to see if he had an explanation, but as none came she briskly said:

"Now look here, Eliza, I know all about it, and I've been sort of specin' this thing would happen any time. You've been overhaulin' the Mary Ann, and you've found her's growing old. You've found out the name, thing of yours, and you've suddenly seen it in me. It has struck you all in a heap, and you feel glum over it."

"Then, by Josh, you've hit it!" exclaimed the captain, glad to have an opportunity to talk it over.

"Wall, there ain't no call to cry over it," she continued. "Ever since you got to sea, I've made up my mind that it would be our last voyage."

"But how can it be, Nancy?"

"It won't be so hard. We are partly well off for common folks, Eliza. That is, we've got enough money to start you in ship chandlery, and we own our own house and lot. No fear but what we'll come out all right. We must give up the sea to younger folks."

They talked it over for a couple of hours, and it was fully decided that when the Mary Ann returned to Salem her last voyage under Captain Hopewell would be ended. Perhaps an astrologer might have guessed that there would be no homcoming for the brig which had borne them safely over so many leagues of ocean, but there was no reader of the future at hand.

It got to be known over Salem that Captain Hopewell was making his last voyage, and when the Mary Ann cast off from what there was a big crowd at hand to cheer her departure and wish her a safer return. She headed out into the Atlantic on a summer's afternoon, and as the Massachusetts shores faded behind them, Captain Eliza said to Nancy:

"By Josh, then, Nancy, but it seems as if a piece of that beef we had for breakfast had got stuck in my throat."

"It's a sort of weakness of our feelings," Eliza replied as she turned away to wipe her eyes, "but I guess we've decided for the best."

For a thousand miles, headed toward the rising sun, the Mary Ann was driven as she had never been driven before. There was a piping breeze, and it scarcely varied a point, and a third of the run had been marked off when there fell a flat calm.

It was noon when the wind died out, and the man sent aloft reported the ocean clear of sail. As sundown came the sea was like glass, and it was the same state of affairs at midnight when the watch was changed.

The mate went off and the captain came on and he had been only on deck half an hour when Nancy appeared. She declared it to be too hot below to sleep.

There were two men on the lookout, but the mate roused up and spoke to them and found that both of them were asleep. She sat down beside one of them in the bow, wide-awake with her thoughts of the sudden change in the weather.

It was a craft with all her sails set, and having been taken aback she was drifting away later first, though this fact was not known till stern. A cry from the mate, however, brought her back, and she set out from North sea ports bound for New York with a valuable cargo. That was the craft Captain Hopewell found adrift in mid-ocean.

Her crew, from the mate down, were the men who took forcible possession of the Mary Ann, after killing their captain and abandoning their vessel. What drove them to the deed of blood—why they did it—no one knows.

Perhaps the mate and his chief quarreled and murder was done in passion. Then fear of the law made the whole crew clamorous to get out of the ship. They took nothing with them which was not their own.

They even left over a thousand dollars in gold and silver behind them. If any human eye ever sighted the Mary Ann after her crew took flight of her, the fact has not been reported to this day. It is easy to guess her fate, however. She either went down in a gale at sea or was wrecked on some iron-bound coast to the north, and every soul perished.

No sooner had the body of the late captain received burial and the ship's papers been overhauled to find her port of destination than she was headed for the port of New York to be delivered up to the consignment. It was a short-hauling trip, but she was a bit of a story, and every man tried to do two men's work, and it was recorded on the log that Nancy Hopewell steered her tricks at the wheel and kept lookouts with her men.

come to be aloft?"

"Dunno, but there's a mystery about it. There's the hull crew except the captain. How did he come to be left behind? And didn't you notice and the men looked the brig over and kept dodging and whispering? I'm believin' we shall have trouble with 'em, Eliza."

"But they can't be pirates."

"Probably not."

"No, but we can't make out their story, and I do believe that was why I'm here, and I wish he hadn't shown a light and brought them aboard."

The Dutchmen were tired with their pull at the oars and sleep coming over them, the water of the Mary Ann was ready to wash down decks. Then they rose up, yawning and stretching, and the last was hardly on his feet before the breeze came. Sail was made at once, and as the Mary Ann later course Captain Hopewell called to the cook to see about preparing breakfast for the extra men.

He had his eye on the strangers at the same time and noted that they had gathered in a bunch and were whispering together. Their yawl was a big and clumsy boat, provided with oars and sail, and as there was no room on the deck of the brig to stow it the captain went forward and made the Dutch men understand that the stranger should be hoisted aboard and the yawl sent adrift.

He made himself clear enough, but as if his words and gestures had been a signal the twelve Dutchmen came out and stood on the deck. The Mary Ann, all of whom were on deck, they were stout, determined men, and the move was so sudden that no resistance was made.

Nancy heard the scuffle and appeared on deck to find Captain Eliza and all his men prisoners. They were prisoners, and they were not to be bound. When they made no struggle, the Dutch man took off his cap to Nancy and sought to make it clear to the others that they were to be sent adrift in the yawl.

"But, by Josh, how can they do it? It's the same as piracy! Men, let's make a fight for it!"

"Stop, Eliza!" called Nancy. "There's no show for us! They'll beat ye to death before you can knock one of 'em down. Don't drive them to murder. There's no call for it."

"And I am to let 'em have possession of the brig and cargo?"

"You'll have to. If you are easy with 'em we'll get away all right, and we may sail a vessel for the English Channel. There were provisions on board, and we've got a lot of goods."

"Aye, captain, we've no show agin' 'em," called the mate, "but with that big yawl we needn't be afraid if we are at sea for a month. We are for the boat."

That settled it. It is due to the strangers to the black men of the Congo river, but they had no choice but to accept the Dutchmen's terms. They were lowered into the boat, and when the men packed and lowered their bags and Nancy brought up a big bundle of things from the cabin.

They had no jeers or insults to fling after those they had sent adrift, but once more more sail on the brig and headed her on a new course. Nancy had smuggled the chart and a spare compass into her bundle, and as the boat drew away she was forced by the wind to hold a true course for the English Channel. There were provisions in plenty, and scarcely a word was uttered before breakfast had been served out. Then Nancy quietly asked:

"Eliza, what ye go to do about it?"

"I go to do to the eastward for awhile," he replied, after thinking it over. "I'll just keep track of the 'Mary Ann' as long as I can, and it's just possible that we may be picked up and have a show to get her back. I don't see meet any other way."

"I'll head for home, though I see how I'm ever to hold up my head in Boston or Salem again. They'll say I was a coward not to make a fight for it."

"They'll be fools! The Dutchman would have killed every one of us but what they'd had the brig, and we ought to thank heaven we got off as well as we did. Don't ye despair, Eliza. We've seen some tight squeaks, but we've a long way to go. Don't ye remember how a while ago you said—"

"And the same whale may eat us this time!"

All that day the boat ran her true course, but as the big breeze into the north and sailed the Dutchmen took only a speck on the horizon when the sun went down. As the breeze did not fall with the sun, the men were divided into watches, a lantern was run to the head of the mast as a signal, and hour after hour the boat danced over the seas.

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"I'll head for home, though I see how I'm ever to hold up my head in Boston or Salem again. They'll say I was a coward not to make a fight for it."

## Doubt's Department.

### A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail;  
His was a rough and rather worn,  
His cheeks were thin and pale—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time for play;  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs today.

He met his mother on the street;  
Off came his little hat;  
His mother was thin and pale,  
Until I heard him say:  
He took the bundle from my hand,  
And when I dropped my pen,  
He sprang to pick it up for me—  
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books about;  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,  
He serves you if he can;  
For whatever company,  
The manners make the man.  
At ten or forty 'tis the same;  
The manner tells the tale,  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in "Our Little Men."

### Sister Hen and the Crocodile.

The crocodile is one of the hugriest bodies that ever lived. When he is looking for a dinner, he will eat almost anything that comes within reach. Sometimes the greedy fellow swallows great stones and chunks of wood, in his hurry mistaking them for something more digestible.

And, when he is smacking his great jaws over his food, he will swallow a green, terrible noise that the other animals steal away nervously and hide until it shall be Master Crocodile's sleepy-time. He is too lazy to waddle in search of a dinner far from the river where he lives. But any animal, or even a human, who has been careful how he ventures into the water near the crocodile's haunts. For what seems to be a greenish-brown, knobby log of wood floating on the water has little bright eyes which are on the look-out for anything which moves. And below the water two great jaws are ready to open and swallow in the prey of Mr. Hungry Mouth.

But, no matter how hungry the crocodile may be, he will not touch the hen, even if she should venture into his very jaws. At least, that is what the black men of the Congo river will tell you. And surely, as they are the nearest neighbors of the big reptile, they ought to know, if any one does. Now this is the story which they tell to explain why the crocodile will not eat the hen.

Once upon a time there was a hen, a common, plump, clucky mother hen, who used every day to go down to the river and pick up bits of food on the moist banks where luscious insects were many.

She did not know that this Congo river was the home of the crocodile, the biggest, fiercest, scariest, hugriest crocodile in all Africa. But one day, when she went down to the water as usual, she hopped out onto what looked like a mossy log, saying to herself: "Aha! This is a fine old timber house. It is full of juicy bugs, I know. I shall have a great feast!"

Tap, tap! Pick, pick! The hen began to scratch and peck upon the rough outer of the log. But, oh, dear! Suddenly she began to feel very seasick. The log was rolling over. The log was teetering up on end like a boat in a storm! And, before she knew what was really happening, the poor hen found herself foundering in the water in the very jaws of the terrible crocodile.

"Ha-ha!" cried the crocodile, in his harsh voice. "You took me for a log, just as the other silly creatures do. But I am no log, Mrs. Hen, as you shall soon see. I am Hungry Crocodile, and you will make the fifth dinner which I have had this evening."

The hen was frightened almost to death; but she kept her presence of mind and gasped frantically. Just as she was about to open her mouth to swallow her, she saw the great jaws opening to swallow her.

"O brother, don't!"

Now the crocodile was so surprised at hearing the hen call him brother that he kept his jaws wide open and forgot to swallow his dinner. He kept them open for some time, gawping foolishly, wondering what the hen could mean, and how he could possibly be her brother. And, by the time he had remembered how hungry he was, there was nothing for him to eat; for, for a long time, he was just as fast as her feet would take her.

"Pouf!" snorted the crocodile. "Her brother, indeed! I am not her brother, and she knows it very well. What a fool I was to be caught by a word! Just wait till I catch her again, and we will see. I will brother her!" And he swam sulkily away to hide his mortification in the Congo mud, with only the end of his long nose poking out as a ventilator for his breathing.

Now, though the hen had so nearly escaped, it had not sufficiently taught her a lesson. A few days afterward once more she went down to the river, for she could not resist the temptation of the bug-dinner which she knew she should find there. But she kept her eyes open, and she kept her mouth shut, and she was finally driven into the water, saying to herself: "Old Hungry Mouth shall not catch me napping this time. I know his wicked tricks!"

But this time the crocodile was not floating on the water like a green log. He was lying still as still, sunning himself on the river bank behind some tall reeds. Mrs. Hen came trotting down to the water, a plump and tempting sight, cocking her head knowingly on one side as she spied a real log floating out beyond, where she took to be a safe place to land. And as she scratched in the soft mud, chuckling to think how shy she was, with a rush and a rustle down pounced the crocodile upon her, and once more, before she knew it, she found herself in the horrid grasp of his jaws, threatened by the double rows of long white teeth.

"Oho!" snapped the crocodile, "you shall not escape me this time. I am a log, as I've told you again, Mrs. Hen. Now, wait a moment. And he went to catch her and carry her to his home, but again the hen squawked, "O brother, don't!"

Again the crocodile paused, thunderstruck by this extraordinary word. "Oho, brother the hen!" he cried. "What can she mean by that? How can I be her brother? She lives in a town on the land, and I live in my kingdom of mud and water. How could two creatures possibly be more unlike?"

"Listen to me, then," said the crocodile. "I am about to catch her and carry her to his home, but again the hen squawked, "O brother, don't!"

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"Silly idiot!" cried the Mbambi, not very politely. "Do nothing of the kind. You will only get the worst of the palaver, and show your ignorance before the wise Nzambi. Now listen to me. Don't you know, dear crocodile, that the duck lives on the water, though she is neither a fish nor a reptile? And the duck lays eggs. The turtle does the same, though she is no bird. The hen lays eggs, and so I do; and I am Mbambi, the great lizard. As for you, dear Old Hungry Mouth, you know that at this moment '—here she whispered discreetly, looking around to see that no one was listening '—at this moment in the Congo, Mrs. Crocodile has covered with leaves a nest just dug out of the sand on the banks of the Congo. Mrs. Crocodile has covered with leaves to hide them from your enemies sixty smooth white eggs. And in a few weeks out of these will scampers sixty little wiggly crocodiles, your dear, homely, scaly, hungry-mouthed children. Yes, we all lay eggs, my silly friend; and so in a sense we are all brothers, as the hen has said."

"Sh!" whispered the crocodile, nervously. "Don't mention those eggs of mine, I beg of you. Some one might overhear. What you say is undoubtedly true," he added pensively, after thinking a few moments. "Then I suppose I must give up my tempting dinner of hen. I have my sister, can I?"



## The Horse.

### Coachers in Brisk Demand.

A typical coach horse stands 15.2 to sixteen hands and weighs from one thousand to 1250 pounds. A coacher is considerably heavier, smoother and more compact than a roadster. The conditions of his work, of course, require soundness as an absolute essential. As described by G. M. Rommel, expert of the Bureau of Animal Industry: His legs are clean out and well muscled, with sloping pasterns and shoulders; the back short, closely coupled to the hind-quarters and smoothly muscled. The hind-quarters are well packed with muscle, smooth and rounded, not straight and angular as in the roadster. A smooth, well-filled, evenly rounded quarter is regarded with much favor. The tail should be set well up and carried high. In the shoulders the same points of smoothness and lack of angularity are required. The withers should be high and thin, the neck smoothly joined to the shoulders long and clean, with a full crest, the head fine and of medium size, with fine ears, a full, clear eye and large, open nostrils.

Quality is as important in the coacher as in the roadster, and for similar reasons.

### STYLE AND ACTION.

Conformation and action are absolutely essential to a coach horse and to each other; that is, a horse cannot lay claim to merit as a coacher unless he has both of these qualifications. Proper conformation should first be present, for then the animal may be trained to act fairly well, but if a fine actor is rough and "weedy" in make-up, no amount of feeding and care can give him form and style.

In discussing the coach action, the necessity for the legs to be moved straight and true is perhaps the first thing to be considered, for the extreme flexing of the legs, especially at the knees, makes it all the more difficult for the horse to move them in a straight line, and thus increases the danger of injury to himself by interfering, to say nothing of the unsightliness of faulty action. The fore legs are flexed as high as possible and the feet extended with a sort of rotary motion that is very different from the long reach of the roadster.

The most difficult action to acquire is at the hocks. That of the knees may be developed by training and shoeing, but high, elastic hock action is well-nigh a hopeless proposition unless bred in the horse. It may be easily inferred that it is far less common than first-rate knee action. The hocks should be flexed without any deviation from a straight line, the feet carried in much the same manner as in front and placed directly in front of their former positions, with as little jar as possible. At all times a coacher must "keep his legs under him." He does not extend himself as a roadster; there is not the long reach in front nor the swing behind.

### FAIR SPEED.

A moderate degree of speed always gives added value to a coach horse, but much speed is not only not absolutely necessary, but is, according to the nature of things, usually out of the question. Much of the energy of the horse's effort is expended in lifting his feet as high as possible, and the combination of this effort with that of speed-making race is asking too much of a horse, as it entails so great an amount of wear on the animal organism that it would soon give away.

While a coacher must be thoroughly sound, he is not required to have the great speed powers or endurance of the roadster. Short distances only are expected of him at a rate of from six to ten miles an hour.

### COACHERS ARE WANTED.

The demand for a stylish animal for city driving takes all the available horses that come to the market. Some are exported, but the foreign demand has comparatively little effect on this class. The demand from the American cities is strong, the only complaint being that the right kind of horses are extremely difficult to find.

### Hustle in Haytime.

When the time arrives for harvesting the hay crop I find it best to push it along as though business were driving. Those who are always looking for rain are also always late about finishing their hay. We are apt to have many cloudy mornings followed by pretty good hay weather during the rest of the day. I long ago learned that a little shower, or even a longer rain, does little injury to cut grass before it has been wilted or much dried.

If I have a field of grass that is grown and ought to be cut, and I had reason to expect a spell of rainy weather, I would choose to cut it and let it lie, waiting for hay weather than have it stand uncut. In what farmers call "catching" hay as I would prefer to mow in bad weather so as to have every hour of good weather for drying the crop. Mowing in good weather seems like a waste of time under such conditions.

### AFTERNOON MOWING.

When mowing was all done with scythes it was necessary to cut the grass early in the day when the dew was on it, because it cut so much easier, and also because the scythes would keep sharp longer. Hand-mown grass always fell in swaths, which could not begin to dry till spread out and shaken up so the sun and air could get upon it. Under such conditions it often took most of the first day to dry the water off the grass and get it wilted enough to put in heaps for the night. Partially dried hay always cures to considerable extent in the cock by the slight heating of the mass. Much heating of course injures the quality. The second day the hay seemed to cure much faster, but it generally required two days drying, because of the outside moisture to be got rid of.

Now with the modern machines for handling grass and hay I find that hay can often be made as well in one day as formerly in two days. The mowing machine, unlike the scythe, works best in grass that is free from dew or other moisture. I therefore have made it a practice to do my mowing in the afternoon between four o'clock and dark. Cut grass is not injured by dew or rain unless it has dried enough to absorb water in place of the sap that has dried out. Water does no more injury on grass just after being cut than just before. As four o'clock the drying part of the day is pretty much over, and soon the dew will begin to show dampness. In hot weather the teams can work with more comfort in the early evening than in the middle of the day. Some seasons I have cut nearly all my grass in the evening, thus having the whole of the following day for drying the hay and carting it in. The mowing machine leaves the grass spread out so that the night's dew is readily dried off early the forenoon. The first operation after the dew is off is to go over with the tedder and lighten up the grass so the air will come to all parts of it. One accustomed only to the older methods of hay-

making would be surprised at the short time required to dry machine-cut grass in good drying weather. I have hung a few spears of grass under the seat of my machine when beginning to mow and at the end of a forenoon found them completely dried out. The old rule for testing hay to see if dry enough to cart in, was to take a wisp of it and see if it would break in two by violent rubbing and twisting. Modern farmers have learned that hay can be overdried as well as underdried. With grass cut in the evening during good hay weather it will be ready to cart directly after noon, provided the tedder has been used faithfully during the forenoon.

### USE THE TEDDER.

I do not think the tedder is appreciated as it should be by many farmers. I would about as soon think of dispensing with the mower and horse rake as with the tedder in grass that was heavy enough to need tedding, and unless it were as heavy as to need it I would plow the land and put it in shape to bear grass of that kind. If a farmer has no tedder, or neglects to use one as much as he should, it may be necessary to let the hay stay out one night in heaps to cure; but there is always a risk to run on account of bad weather. To avoid such risk I have always aimed to cure my hay as rapidly as possible. One should remember that hay is curing all the time it is being pitched upon the load and pitched off again in the barn, and also for some time afterward. It is not best to have it brittle enough to break when beginning to cart to the barn.

### A THREE-HORSE OUTFIT.

With a large amount of hay to be done I like to have three horses to do it, a pair for the mowing machine and hay cart and a single horse for the tedder and rake. A boy can handle the single horse and do as much work as a man. Where the crop is heavy, so there is little time to get a load, I like to let the horse and rake gather the scatterings after the team. I have not forgotten how hard I had to work when a boy at raking after the cart with a small hand rake, especially when the wind was blowing the scatterings all about the field. The large drag rakes are a great improvement for that kind of work, but the boy and horse will keep up to the carting still easier. In cooking up hay to stand over night I always want to rake up the scatterings with the drag rake or the horse rake.

### THOROUGH, CLEAN WORK.

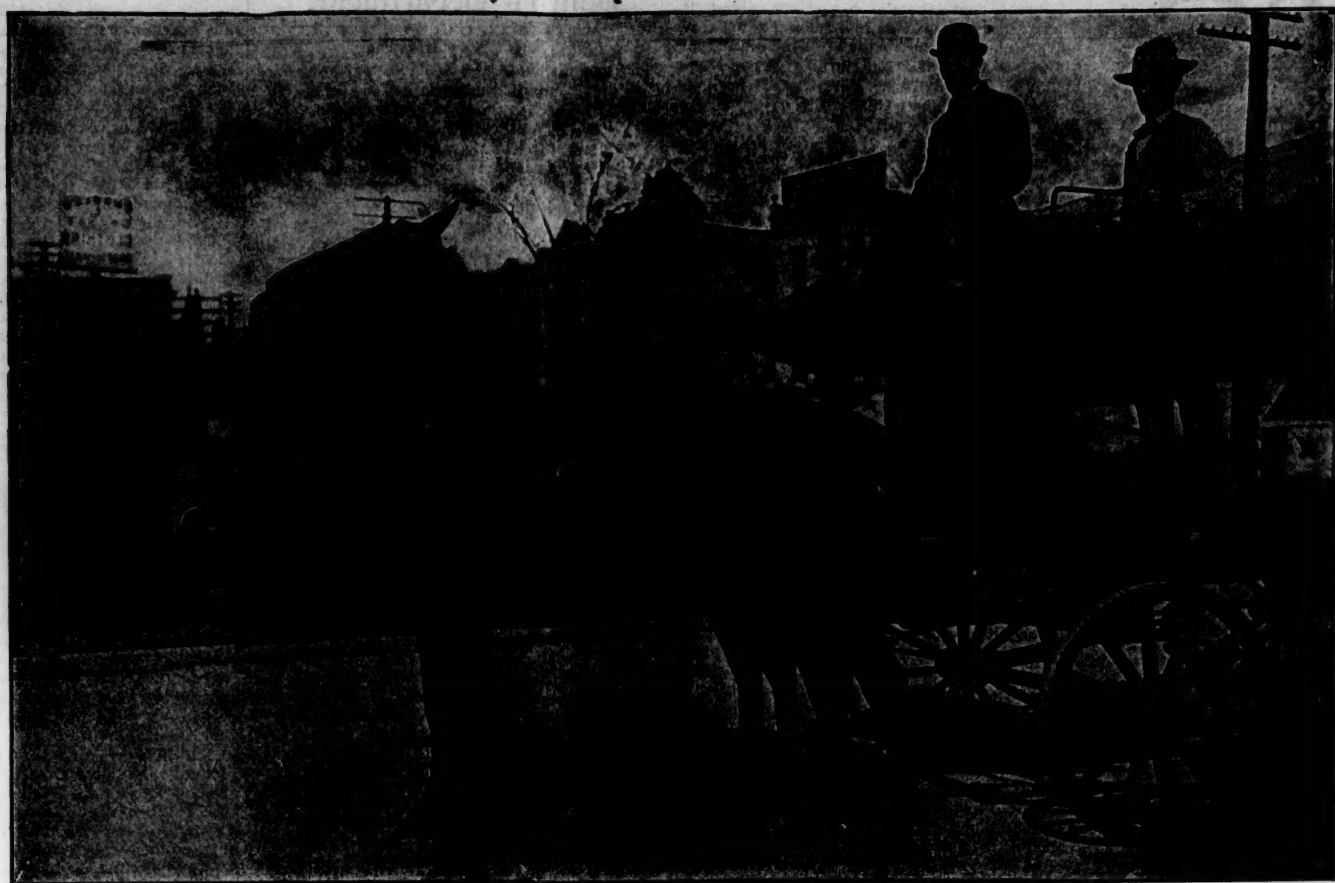
Some farmers never mind the scatterings, but I think that hay that is worth raising and cutting ought to be worth saving. A mowing field ought to look as neat after the crop is removed as a village lawn, and being on a larger scale it will look even better to the eye of a neat farmer. A neighbor seeing one of my mowing fields just as the last load of hay was being carried away, said: "Why! Cheever, it is worth a dollar every time you look at that field." It was a reclaimed swamp, all in orchard grass, and the new growth started since cutting made the entire field look as handsome as a well-kept village lawn. Some farmers are very careless about the use of a mowing machine. The knives should always be in good working order, and the team should be so driven as to cut clean, and not leave little spots or strips standing uncut. The waste may not be much, but it leaves such a slovenly-looking field as any one ought to be ashamed of. A person careless in one thing is apt to grow more so in little things. It is easy to slide into a habit of being careless in larger ones.

### HANDLING CLOVER.

The methods I have described for making hay quickly and cheaply do not apply to the curing of clover. The best part of clover is the blossoms and leaves, and if treated as we would treat the grasses many would be broken off and wasted. I would always cut clover when free from dew, and would let it lie undisturbed till well wilted. I would avoid handling it when the leaves were dry enough to break off. In fair weather it should be pitched into small heaps to remain a day or so, and then two heaps put into one, and so on till the whole is cured sufficiently to haul to the barn. It may require nearly a week if the yield is heavy. In the meantime the new crop will have started, so in making up the heaps they should be placed on new spots to avoid injuring the new growth more than is necessary.

### USEFUL HINTS.

In unfavorable weather haycocks are of great help in caring for hay whether it be clover or the other grasses. Squares of ordinary sheeting forty-eight inches wide are large enough and not more costly than one can afford. They will sometimes save enough to pay their cost during one storm. Many a time I have got up in the night and covered a few tons of hay to save it from wetting by an unexpected thunder-shower, and by so doing saved a deal of work the next day. Hay that is nearly dry is most injured by rain. In stowing away hay in the mows care should be taken to have the mows settle



A PAIR OF COACHERS.

A high-class roadster, coacher or saddler is by far the most difficult horse to produce that the market calls for.—Rommel, Bureau of Animal Industry.

level and equally solid over the whole area. It is at the sides that most care is needed in the treading and setting.

My own haymaking season began when the winter rye was just heading out, usually early in June, and continued through the summer and fall till the third crop of orchard-grass was ready for the mower in October. In curing heavy green rye and oats, and, even heavy millet, I would cut with the dew off and then let the crop lie untouched till it had had time to get rid of a large portion of the sap by evaporation through the leaves. After a day or two, dependent on the weather and the condition of the crop, I would carefully turn it bottom side up with rake or fork and let it lie another day before putting into heaps. The last day out the tedder may well be used constantly, for now it will help greatly in the curing process. The first day or two after cutting it is of little use. The object in tedding is to keep the straw up in the air, but when very green it will lie close to the damp earth in spite of the tedder. Haying is hard work at the best, and we should plan to waste as little labor at it as possible consistent with doing good execution. My last word shall be—begin haying early while the food value is all in the grass.—A. W. Cheever, in N. Y. Tribune.

### Farmers More Hopeful.

A decidedly more hopeful view is taken of the grass crop, and if harvesting is delayed two weeks, as it should be, a three-fourths average crop is predicted. While it is too early to prophesy on corn and potatoes, there are reasons for expecting their proportionate yield may be as good. Many small fields of potatoes are now in bloom. Apples show a uniform setting. Blackberries promise bountifully. Windsor, Vt. H. M. P.

### Haying and Dairy Interests.

The hay crop appears far more promising than it did in May when it was at a standstill with no moisture to help it along. Farmers do not anticipate a full average crop of hay. That will be impossible at this late day, as haying will soon be on hand. The white daisy, which abounds to a large extent on farms in many localities, is now at its best. They should be secured when in full bloom. In that stage the white daisy makes one of the best milk-producing foods that need be given a cow in the forage line. One not used to the white daisy and not knowing anything of its good quality as a milk producer, may think this assertion a little too strong and out of the regular order of successful farming, as the white daisy is considered a noxious weed. In this country the daisy has been in existence for generations, and are still plentiful. When left to become ripe or woody before cutting, they are of no avail whatever, but in a green state they are juicy and sweet.

Spring grain is now looking fine. It is growing rapidly since the rains and bids fair for a heavy crop all about the country. The large acreage of corn planted for fodder presents a good appearance. There has been a great complaint of the seed not germinating. In many instances the second planting has been resorted to, and still only one-half has made its appearance the second time. In driving about the country we never saw corn look so poor.

Potatoes also have failed to come up, the seed having rotted. This is a new feature this spring, doubtless owing to the drought at time of planting. Prices for dairy products continue well. The decline in the price of milk at the stations for a few weeks past has now recovered somewhat. It was down to eighty-two cents per one hundred pounds, but now has reached ninety-four cents.

The standing cheese factory, located at Deer River, has contracted its make of cheese up to Sept. 1 for one-eighth below the weekly highest price for cheese on the New York market. The contract calls for one hundred cheese of four hundred pounds weight and the same number of 250 pounds. The cheese is for the English market and is shipped every few days in a perfectly green state. The cheese is placed in galvanized iron boxes, furnished by the company who

purchase the cheese. They also furnish the press and hoops. This is something new in this section and quite a novel sight. The real calf interest continues. Large shipments of calves are made by our local buyers weekly. Calves have brought unusual prices this season, and still bring 55 cents per pound, live weight.

P. E. WHITE.

Lewis County, N. Y., June 29.

### A Real Yacht.

It is pleasant to hear that Sir Thomas Lip-ton, in case he is not victorious with his third Shamrock, will build a real yacht to contest for the America's cup. This is sensible, and will carry out the purpose for which the international yacht races were instituted. The victory of a mere racing machine—a skimming dish—signifies nothing to speak of, for it only means that a toy that is of no practical use can be made to go faster than another plaything that if it is not broken up will be retained only as a curiosity.

We hope that Sir Thomas' fourth craft will be a four-leaved clover that will bring him luck, for it would make life less monotonous if the cup should take a trip across the misty Atlantic. Of course we would bring it back speedily, but we are not averse at present to giving our English cousins a little encouragement, especially when they are represented by so jolly a sailor as the knight of the tea chest.

### Death to the Buzzard.

Music, we have been told, has charms to soothe the savage breast, and now we are informed that it has power to destroy the bloodthirsty mosquito. Of all the devices for getting rid of this pest, this seems to be the pleasantest. Pouring oil upon the troubled waters is all well enough in the exterminating line, but if we can get rid of the buzzard with a musical note, we may prevent an advance in the price of kerosene.

The selectmen from Brookline, we learn, have received a communication calling attention to a new process of lessening the mosquito evil by means of musical sounds, and the matter has been referred to Albert C. Nyhen of the bacteriological laboratory. We hope that he will discover that the remedy is efficacious, and if he does we shall rest happy without even a netting to disturb our slumber. It is said that the mosquito will drop lifeless upon the properly manipulated musical instrument without presenting his bill, and this is certainly a poetic way of ending his singing and stinging existence.

### The Nurseryman and His Customers.

Owing to the nature of the business and the fact that the real value or purity of many varieties of nursery stock cannot be known for some years after planting, the nurseryman, aside from being a most conscientious and careful propagator, is in honor bound to act as a counsellor and friend of the planter, says J. H. Hale of Connecticut, in his address at Detroit June 11. The most successful lawyers are those who aim to keep their clients out of law suits and other troubles, and so the nurseryman who was a profitable and permanent business can find no surer way to success than by guiding intending planters towards the purchase of most suitable varieties regardless of any surplus stock he may have of less desirable sorts. To be sure, many nurserymen at the present time do not know as much about varieties, suitable locations, methods of culture, marketing, etc., as they ought. The demand for cheap trees and plants has forced him to hustle in the production of greatest number of trees and plants at least possible cost, and the average customer is not willing to pay for anything but the bare cost of the tree. And so it is that there are far too many nurserymen who could not tell at sight the fruit of many of the varieties they propagate.

The vast majority of nurserymen are honest, careful men, yet being human they do make mistakes, and when once a mistake is made, the continued propagation by taking buds and scions from the nursery row increases the error, and we are sending out mixed varieties, causing no end of

trouble both to the nurseryman and planter.

It may cost a little more to take our buds and scions only from fruiting trees of known value, but it insures purity, and tends to breed up rather than down. My orchard interests being greater than my nursery interests, I know and feel these things from the planter's point of view, and I am sure there is a generation of planters growing up who will gladly pay any extra cost of propagation to the nurseryman who will always propagate from fruiting stock.

An experimental and test field and orchard is a very expensive adjunct to a nursery, but it is absolutely essential where one has not other means of keeping fully posted as to varieties.

Our agricultural experiment stations are doing considerable of this class of work, yet ought to do ten times as much as most of them are now doing, and do it better, too; and if they have not funds enough to fully do the work, it is our duty to see that our legislatures make more liberal appropriations, and also our duty to furnish the stations freely all new trees and plants a few years before introduction if possible.

I have had some experience with the fruit called *Elaeagnus longipes*, and claim it is more valuable than the currant bush. It has a small berry of pleasant taste, one seed, and will make a jelly superior to the currant. It has, in some sections, been received as a remarkable acquisition, and I believe it quite valuable for family use. I am surprised that it is not more generally known. S. C. MOON.

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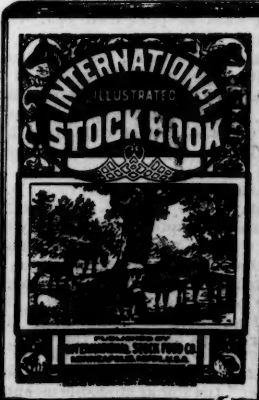
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